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NOT SO EASILY PLAYED UPON.

U. S. G. "Will you play upon this pipe?"
C. S. "My lord, I can not."
U. S. G. "*'Tis as easy as lying:* govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops."
C. S. "But these can not I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill."

U. S. G. "Why, look you now, *how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass:* and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet can not you make it speak. *Why, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you can not play upon me.*"—HAMLET, ACT III., SCENE II.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 27, 1872.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly is sent out gratuitously a Richly Illustrated Eight-page Supplement, containing a large variety of new and interesting reading matter.

WHO DIVIDE THE REPUBLICAN PARTY?

One of the most extraordinary assertions of the supporters of the Cincinnati movement is that the President is thrusting himself upon the Republican party for a renomination, and that if he would withdraw his name there would be no trouble, and, therefore, that if the Republican cause should be ruined, the President will be justly held responsible. This remarkable allegation is constantly made, and it is evidently believed by some sincere persons. Still further it is stated very emphatically that even those who favor his renomination do so under protest; that distinguished party leaders who publicly support it privately deplore it, and that it is incredible that any stanch and steady old radical Republican can really think the renomination of the President desirable. These remarks are made in various forms; but they all tend to represent the President as a terrible Old Man of the Sea who has seated himself immovably upon the neck of the Republican party, and who is bent upon riding it to destruction.

We assert, on the other hand, that the great mass of the Republican voters of the United States who do not hold office, nor expect to hold office, who have their own views of public policy, who read the newspapers and keep themselves informed of the course of public events, and of the character of public men, and of the probable motives that influence political conduct, are just as much resolved upon the renomination and re-election of General Grant as they were upon those of Mr. Lincoln in 1864. The only manner in which such an opinion can be verified is, of course, by some election which may be fairly interpreted to turn upon the question of the popularity of the President: and such was the election in New Hampshire. Last year the Republicans in that State were defeated. This year, when the probability of the renomination of the President was evident, yet when a certain hostility to it was already declared, and when it was fully understood that a Republican victory would be interpreted as an approval of the President, the recovery of the State by the Republicans could have but one meaning.

That this was perfectly understood is evident from another fact. The Legislature to be elected would choose a United States Senator. Senator Patterson, who we hope will be returned, has always been reckoned one of the most independent as well as the most honorable of Senators. He went to the State Convention which made the nominations, and declared that if there were any New England Senators opposed to the President, they were not the Senators from New Hampshire. What did this mean? It meant that, in Senator Patterson's judgment, the Republicans of New Hampshire supported the President, and that the Legislature elected by them would elect no man Senator who was not friendly to him. This is the only fair interpretation of the Senator's speech. The President was really the Republican platform in New Hampshire, and upon it the State was recovered. Will any body seriously say that it was a victory of the bread-and-butter brigade? And if there had been any grave disaffection in the party, is it not plain that the dissatisfied Republicans would have taken care that the very first election of the Presidential year should not have been of the utmost service to the prospects of the renomination?

Again, if it be true that distinguished party leaders publicly favor the renomination and privately groan over its inevitability, what does the fact show but that they clearly see the popular preference for the President? Those of us who favored the renomination of Mr. Lincoln, at a time when we were bitterly reproached for supporting a trivial and obscene jester who had no real antislavery convictions, and was letting every thing drift, used to reply that the people would take care of him, and that the politicians would certainly fall into line. We were not deceived; and it is as true now as it was then that the strength of the President is with the people. The personal assaults upon him having recoiled with shame and ridicule upon those who made them. He remains the representative of a policy which the people approve, and of that stability which they feel to be indispensable.

It is not he who thrusts himself upon them for renomination—it is they who are resolved to renominate him. By what right, therefore, do the Republicans who are opposed to him, and who refuse to countenance the Convention of their party because of their conviction that the great majority of Republicans desire his renomination, charge the President with dividing the party, and those who favor his renomination with abetting his fatal action? Even the New York *World*, patronizing the Cincinnati Convention, and exhorting its leaders to be "bold," says of them: "If they rise to the height of the occasion, they will be supported by one-third of the Republican party." This is the most fanciful and fantastic estimate that even irresponsible advocacy claims for the schism. We venture to think that the Cincinnati leaders themselves smile at its exaggeration. The same paper in the same article adds that in Connecticut in November "the Democracy will bring out their full vote, and the liberal Republicans will support the same candidates;" and that the liberal Republicans, "*in combination with the Democratic party*, will carry the State against Grant next fall by at least a hundred thousand majority."

That is to say, according to the most partial estimate, a third of the Republican party in alliance with the Democratic party are to defeat the candidate of the great majority of Republicans; and because that majority will not relinquish the candidate whom it prefers, that candidate is guilty of dividing the party! A more ridiculous assertion was never made. It is really a declaration that the anti-Administration Republicans will willingly renounce their principle and bring the Democratic party into power rather than acquiesce in the nomination of a candidate whom they do not prefer. But if this were so, is *such* a minority the proper guide of the Republican party? No. If the party is divided, who is responsible for the misfortune: the great mass of Republicans who feel that the general conduct of the present Administration is the guarantee that the principles of the party will continue to control the policy of the government, should the President be re-elected; or those Republicans who, in alliance with the organized Democratic party, which will supply votes for the purpose, seek to defeat the candidate whom the party prefers?

THE PARTY WHIP.

Do we mean, then, to join the strikers, to crack the party whip, and coerce independent men from their honest convictions? But we assail no motives, we question no man's sincerity. We have often enough in these columns advocated the inalienable right of scratching, and we certainly hope that no man will consent to vote for a rascal because he has been regularly nominated. If any man thinks that the President is a corrupt man, let him vote for an honest man though the heavens fall—a mishap not to be apprehended in consequence. But if he believes that government in this country must be carried on by party, and holds that the dominance of the Republican party is essential to the highest national welfare, do not let him imperil the success of that party because its selection of a candidate does not seem to him the best that could be made.

When the New York Republicans went to Chicago in 1860 to nominate Mr. Seward, and returned with Mr. Lincoln as a candidate, what would have been thought of any one of them who should have declined to support a candidate who was ridiculed as a third-rate country lawyer? The Republican Nestor of New York wept when Mr. Seward was defeated. But New York Republicanism said, "The man is honest; it is a principle, not a person, that we sustain;" and it gave Mr. Lincoln fifty thousand majority. When we all voted for Mr. Fenton as Governor, and renominated him and re-elected him, was it because there were none who could think of somebody who might seem to them a better candidate? Not at all. It was because we knew that for a great political result individual personal preferences must be subordinated. Yet had any Republican in the country honestly felt with Mr. Wendell Phillips that Mr. Lincoln was a slave-hound, he should not have voted for him. Had any New York Republican believed Mr. Fenton to be an unfit person for Governor, he should have refused to support him. And we repeat that if any Republican believes the President to be a dangerous, designing, corrupt man, or personally untrustworthy, it is his duty to refuse to vote for him. It is a safe rule in politics, if a rascal is nominated, to vote against him; if the choice lies between two rascals, to vote for neither—and for the conclusive reason that no good cause can possibly gain by rascality.

But while we claim to be party men we must be controlled by party conditions until we are persuaded that the success of the opposition will be less injurious to the country. That is a higher law which every Republican ought to acknowledge. If the Republicans who go to Cincinnati meant only to counsel the party, to influence it legitimately, and then to acquiesce in its decision, unless success seemed to them more fatal than defeat, their action would be praiseworthy. But, as we said last week, the facts do not sustain this theory. We ask again, therefore, by what right are the friends of the President accused of injuring the party because they desire his nomination? His opponents have the weight of their characters, of their abilities, of their services, of their eloquence, and of their arguments to throw into the scale of preference within the party. They have every opportunity in newspapers, in speeches, in appeals, of reasoning with the party, and thus of exercising every kind and degree of legitimate influence. But when they go further, and declare that if their arguments do not prevail, and if their personal preferences do not control the party, they will conspire to defeat it by a Democratic alliance, it is they, and they alone, who are responsible for a possible catastrophe. It is they, and they alone, who, seeing the attitude, the purpose, the expectation of the Democratic party, are actually proposing to confide the government to those who are most hostile to its new spirit, and among whom are all who fondly cling to the hateful traditions of an older time. If the Cincinnati party sincerely believes that Democratic success with a Republican is better for the country than Republican success with the President, let it follow its convictions. But why should it call itself Republican?

THE VINDICATION OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

The investigation of the conduct of the Navy Department, which was authorized by Congress, has ended in the most absolute vindication of the Secretary. It has not only shown no ground even of injurious suspicion, but it has disclosed an official sagacity and regard for the public interest which will commend the Administration of which the Secretary is a part still more closely to the confidence of the country. The Secretary had been denounced by the New York *Sun*, day after day, as a robber. If one of the offenses charged against him had been shown to be probable, he should have been summarily impeached, and upon conviction not only driven from office, but from the society of all honorable men. It was, therefore, most natural that, conscious of rectitude, he demanded an investigation. Hereafter, indeed, a public officer may point to the results of this investigation as a reason for not regarding the most violent attacks upon his character and conduct. But it was necessary that some one should justify such a course in the future by firmly exposing in detail the nature of such an attack. And Secretary Robeson has done this so thoroughly and so well that he has made public life easier for all honorable citizens.

Indeed, there is not a single injurious charge of all those made against the Secretary of the Navy which was sustained in any degree. The sole question that was really raised was as to the interpretation of a law, and not a word of the evidence showed that the Secretary's construction of the law could have been made with any corrupt intention, or with the least improper personal advantage. The New York *Tribune*, indeed, while it declares that it expresses "the conviction of all impartial readers when we say that the *Sun's* arraignment of Secretary Robeson has broken down," adds that it differs with him upon a point of law, but does not insinuate that his opinion is less honest than its own; and its Washington correspondent truly stated that "there is but one opinion expressed in Washington by public men of every shade of politics" upon the subject.

Secretary Robeson sifted in detail every charge against his fidelity. That he was corruptly interested in navy supplies, in iron for the navy, in bricks for the navy, in coal for the navy, in torpedo-boats, and that from all these corrupt interests his share of the plunder stolen from the people would be more than a million of dollars—these accusations and statements he met unflinchingly, and disproved them in every detail with the completeness of mathematical demonstration. The very witnesses summoned to sustain the charges vindicated his integrity: and the country will be pleased to see that the navy, of which it has been always so justly proud, is directed with the old honor, zeal, and sagacity.

We have quoted the opinion of the New York *Tribune* upon the subject, the chief anti-Administration Republican journal. The Boston *Advertiser*, one of the leading Administration papers in New England, says, in stating the facts: "What is to be done in such a case, when the accuser not only fails to prove his charges, but retreats to his coward's castle the moment he is challenged to prove them? Mr. Dana's withdrawal from the prosecution of the case is only less ignominious than his entrance upon it. It is a confession that as the charges were made without reason, they may be dismissed without consideration." And the Washington *Patriot*, one of the Democratic papers which are most bitterly hostile to the Administration, says:

> "No one will suspect us of especial sympathy with the Secretary of the Navy, whose peculiar modes of administration we have more than once criticised; but it is one thing to err, even mischievously, in the discharge of duty—to misinterpret, even stupidly, statutory duties—and it is another to connive at corrupt jobs and be a party to official plunder. For weeks and months has the newspaper that has been Mr. Robeson's chief accuser, in all the offensiveness of capitals and leaded types, charged him in the plainest terms with the grossest crimes. He has been alliteratively styled a 'robber' and taunted as a 'thief.' Investigation is made, and it is a matter of simple justice to say no particle of evidence sustains these charges of criminality; and when the question arises with whom this grievous wrong originated, the responsible editor or his informant, the former wraps himself up in a privilege, and no one—not the anxious public, not the defamed party—is allowed to know any thing."

Here is the verdict of an acknowledged representative of each of the shades of political opinion in the country, and it is unanimous that the foul charges against the Secretary of the Navy are wholly unsustained. Yet this assault upon him is but an illustration of the contest waged with the Administration. It is part of the conspiracy to make it appear to be corrupt to the core. This assault is part of the appeal to the people of the United States to decide at the polls that they think the Administration has forfeited respect and confidence. It is an appeal to which we believe the people will respond in a very unmistakable manner.

NO CHANGE OF PARTIES.

It is the duty of those who insist that it is foolish to regard the Democratic party as the same Democratic party which the country has constantly rejected to show in what it has changed, and what fresh claims it has upon public confidence. The mere assertion that old issues are settled is useless. For if, as those who constantly repeat this phrase declare, political parties are only combinations of voters to enforce a certain policy, why do the parties continue when the issues are settled? In other words, when the policy of one party is finally accepted as established, and that of the other is finally defeated, why do not the parties disappear? Thus, if the Republican party was only a combination to resist the aggressions of slavery, and if slavery has been abolished and every thing that depended upon it has fallen, why does the Democratic party, which was the organization by which the ascendency of slavery was maintained, still continue? When the Democratic papers declare that their party must be only a spectator at Cincinnati, and that its undivided support will be given to the Cincinnati candidates, do they speak of a party which does not exist? Do they mean that the voters who were recently known as Democratic will not vote as Democrats, but as members of a new party? And if so, is there any evidence of this fact? Do not experience and the tone of the Democratic press teach us that the party organization is still intact, and that its action will be taken as a party?

When the Republican party was formed it was composed of the Whigs, and although a Whig organization continued, it was only spectral. The mass of the party had taken a new name. But is there any thing corresponding to this in the present situation? The Democratic organization is compact. Its representatives in Congress vote in a body against equal rights, according to the most orthodox Democratic traditions. It insists that the Cincinnati movement shall be controlled exclusively by Republicans. It speaks of the settling of old issues and of acquiescence, but it does not propose to disband. It still includes all who are hostile to the principles that triumphed in the war; all who deplore the worst days of the republic as a Golden Age; all who would repudiate the national debt and dishonor the national name. If all old issues are settled, and if parties fall with their settlement, why does the Democratic party remain, and why, in the presence of such a party organization, are Republicans told that they are fighting shadows in opposing it, or in warning the country against movements that would restore it to power?

But if the organization is retained as a convenience for new issues, is there any good reason that the Republican party should not be maintained for the same purpose? Clearly not; and the existence of both parties shows either that they do not rise and fall with temporary issues, or that the issues upon which they were formed are not felt

to be settled. If there were any important number of Democrats who proposed to unite with a similar number of Republicans in a new party, there would be reason to suppose a general feeling that the time for such action had arrived. But there is no such phenomenon. The Democratic press, as we said, insists that the Cincinnati Convention is exclusively Republican. Mr. GREELEY and his friends who sign the New York letter equally insist that they act as Republicans. And the *Tribune* declares that if there be a Democratic nomination it will support the most promising Republican ticket. There is here no acknowledgment upon either side of the final settlement of old issues, or of an expectation or even a desire of a new political organization. The Cincinnati Republicans declare that they are even more Republican than the rest of us; and the united Democratic party says that if the Republican rupture is important enough to give the Democrats a chance to return to power, even under the mask of a Republican candidate, it will gladly support it.

It is impossible, therefore, to advocate the Cincinnati schism under the plea that parties are dissolved. That the issues, indeed, are not just what they were eight or twelve years ago is plain enough. But that it makes no difference whether the next President is elected by a Republican or a Democratic majority is simply a preposterous statement which the good sense of the country scorns. It could as truly be said that it would have made no difference in 1868 whether Chief Justice CHASE had been elected President by the Democratic party or General GRANT by the Republican. That Judge CHASE had been a Republican would not have changed the fact that his election was a Democratic victory.

THE LATE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

THE *Nation* alludes to the case of Mr. HULBURD, the late Comptroller of the Currency, and asks whether it does not seem to us to show upon the part of the President great indifference, or worse, to the character and condition of the civil service. In our opinion the facts in this case do not justify the insinuations of the *Nation*. Mr. HULBURD entered the bureau as a clerk, and, according to the principles of a sound system, which we hope to see extended, was promoted until he became acting Comptroller. In the year 1866 he accepted the gift of a carriage from a person who was interested in a Western bank. This was certainly a very great indiscretion upon the part of Mr. HULBURD, but it was not necessarily any thing worse; and the testimony of the person who gave the carriage is so confused and contradictory, and he so constantly declares his memory of the event to be imperfect, that no candid reader would hold that it shows any improper motive for accepting the gift. It was undoubtedly given, but not received, with an improper purpose.

Two or three weeks afterward the acting Comptroller was informed that the condition of the bank was unsatisfactory, and he sent an examiner to investigate it. The examiner reported unfavorably, and Mr. HULBURD, strictly following the law, threatened the bank with suspension unless all lawful requirements were satisfied. He subsequently appointed a receiver, the bank was wound up, and during all the transactions the acting Comptroller took no important step without the approval of Mr. M'CULLOCH, then Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. HULBURD was afterward appointed Comptroller of the Currency; and as the term of his office drew to an end the person who had given him the carriage wrote to a member of the Banking and Currency Committee that he could show corruption upon the part of the Comptroller. But when the investigation began the giver of the carriage admitted that he had had "no consideration for it" in any form of leniency toward his bank; and he did not hesitate upon this very ground to demand from Mr. HULBURD the value of the carriage in money. He thus confessed both that he had tried to bribe the Comptroller, and that he had failed. Meanwhile the official conduct of Mr. HULBURD, always under the eye of the Secretary of the Treasury, had been approved, and confirming his own favorable impression by that of competent friends, the Secretary designated him to the President as an officer who should be retained, and the President on the day that his term expired renominated him to the Senate. He was immediately confirmed, and the investigation began a few days afterward.

The investigation being once opened, it was naturally the desire of the enemies of Mr. HULBURD to procure his removal, and, as is the practice of such inquiries, every kind of charge and inference and assumption was submitted that might, directly or indirectly, be injurious to the Comptroller. He was present during the examination, and he was assured that he should be heard when the evidence had been taken. But, without the opportunity being given him, the majority of the committee instructed the chairman to report that, in its judgment, a change in the office was desirable. It was not a verdict of guilty, nor did it charge corruption. But it implied that the result of the investigation was not satisfactory; and the Comptroller, thus publicly stigmatized unheard, very naturally resigned.

It is, therefore, not true, as the *Nation* intimates, that the President nominated to the Comptrollership of the Currency a man whose official conduct was at the time undergoing investigation by a committee of Congress. He nominated a man who had risen by faithful service, whose character was unimpeached, and who was satisfactory as an officer to the Secretary of the Treasury and to other eminent gentlemen who had held official relations with him. We do not think, therefore, that the President nominated a man whom there was "grave reason" to believe to be "guilty of criminal delinquency;" nor do we think that the circumstances show the President to be indifferent to the efficiency or integrity of the civil service.

MOTIVES.

THERE was never a time when more was said about the motives of public men than now. Actions and votes upon all sides are explained by the most sinister imputations. If a man proposes something, he is insincere: he is seeking something else. If he resists, he is equally dishonest: he wishes to cloak corruption. Now the real motives of human action are usually known only to Omniscience, and experience shows that they are usually exceedingly complex. Human nature is very inconsistent, and your theory of a man is excellent until he does something that destroys it. It is the fault of historians that they set their characters, as it were, in a single key. They are like the minor novelists who label a character with a certain phrase or manner, which is perpetually reproduced, and which shows as much knowledge of human nature as naming a miser Graball.

But while motives can not be accurately known, they may often be fairly inferred from circumstances and situations. This is, however, subject to the limitation that mean or malignant motives can never justly be assumed in the action of honest and generous men. The law, indeed, infers that the necessary consequences of an act may be held to be intended. But the necessity must be shown. In politics it is always difficult to measure motives, because party spirit is so rancorous and passionate. To leave a party is "to rat;" and no quarrels have been more bitter or prolonged than those which sprang from such separations. Yet, as we enter upon the Presidential campaign, it may perhaps be wise to reflect that a man may cease to be a Republican or a Democrat without being a black-hearted scoundrel or perjured villain. And if we mean such phrases only in a Pickwickian sense, is it not wiser to select words that express a real meaning? Stand to your guns to the last, but don't blackguard the enemy.

PERSONAL.

LAST week we published a view of the new State Department building at Washington, as it will appear when completed. For the drawings from which our illustration was made we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. MULLET, the Supervising Architect of the Treasury. Mr. MULLET is a man of extraordinary industry and ability. His official position gives him charge of all our post-offices, custom-houses, mints, assay-offices, etc., both as to construction and repair, and the list of the edifices he has planned and built is very large. There is the new State Department building, which will cost about six millions; the New York Post-office, at least four millions; the Chicago Custom-house, not less than three millions; the Boston Post-office and Sub-Treasury, about $1,500,000; the San Francisco branch mint, one million and a half; and the Custom-house at Portland, Maine, about $477,000. Add to the above a great series of edifices whose prices will vary from $225,000 to $395,000, and we can appreciate the enormous labor put upon this energetic and capable architect. The appraisers' stores at Philadelphia; the Barge-office at New York; the custom-houses at Cairo, Knoxville, Omaha, Portland (Oregon), and St. Paul; a marine hospital at Chicago; court-houses and post-offices at Columbia (South Carolina), Des Moines, Madison (Wisconsin), Springfield (Illinois), and Portland (Maine), all proceeding at the same time, show a rare executive spirit and capacity. Mr. MULLET is also putting up a series of buildings, which will cost from $20,000 to $80,000, at Astoria (Oregon), Bangor (Maine), Machias (Maine), Boise City (Idaho), Wiscasset (Maine), Charleston, New Orleans, and Baltimore, in some cases restoring and remodeling former edifices almost to the extent of complete reconstruction. To look upon, Mr. MULLET is a rather small, wiry, indefatigable gentleman, who can handle a hundred irons at once, work all day, and sit up the better part of the night; and it would be hard to find any where, in either ancient or modern times, a man who has built so much and with such general acceptability. Several of the best architects in New York competed with Mr. MULLET for the plans of the New York Post-office—the most costly edifice which has been erected by the Federal government outside of its own capital. The several plans are exhibited side by side in the architect's office at Washington; few persons fail to perceive at once the superiority of the government architect's; and we apprehend that no experienced eye can follow out Mr. MULLET's work, both in New York and Boston, and not see that within the conditions of his office he was probably the most available and versatile man that could be employed.

—The book firm of S. C. GRIGGS & Co., of Chicago, so well known and esteemed throughout the West, expired by limitation on the 1st of the present month. Mr. GRIGGS will henceforth devote himself to the publishing branch of the old firm, while the general business will be continued by the other partners, Messrs. E. L. JANSEN, A. C. M'CLURG, and F. B. SMITH, under the firm name of JANSEN, M'CLURG, & Co. The old firm was organized in 1848, when Chicago was a small frontier city. There have been changes in its membership from time to time, but the name itself was never before altered. During those twenty-four eventful years a frontier town has grown into a mighty city. The firm weathered the crash of 1857. Twenty years after its organization a great fire swept away its magnificent establishment, with which there was at that time no other bookstore in the West comparable. The entire stock was destroyed either by fire or water. In the Chicago fire of last fall the firm was again burned out completely. Again it rose, and within a week was doing business at a temporary location. The gentlemen into whose hands the business has now passed have the qualifications and experience which guarantee that the firm will continue to be a credit to Western enterprise and culture. Mr. JANSEN entered the firm in 1854; General M'CLURG was connected with the house at the time he entered the army, and in 1866 he was admitted to a partnership; and Mr. SMITH, who became a member of it at the same time, had been a clerk in the house for four years.

—Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT was asked the other day by a man of New Jersey: "Mr. SCOTT, have you any ambition to be President?" "President of what?" "The United States, of course." "No, Sir; the term is too short. I might take a lease of it for ninety-nine years." Colonel T. A. S. is in railways what the famous shot, Captain MARTIN SCOTT, was in a coon-hunt. When a coon was treed and saw a weapon pointed at him, he said, knowing the unerring marksmanship of the man, "Hold on, stranger; if your name's MARTIN SCOTT you needn't shoot; I'll come down." So when a railway lease is talked of where Colonel S. is present, the only remark is, "If you are Colonel TOM SCOTT, of Pennsylvania, and are after the lease of this road, we 'come down.'"

—After Mr. S. S. COX had presented his resolutions in the House of Representatives on the death of Professor MORSE, he yielded the floor to Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, who made a brief but admirable speech, in the course of which he alluded to the fact that Professor M. came to Washington in the winter of 1842–43 in a state of pecuniary dependence, and broken down by disappointment; but he threw himself on the bounty of the government, and asked for an appropriation of $30,000 to put his invention into practical operation. The appropriation passed the House by a vote of 89 to 87, Mr. WOOD voting for it, and being to-day the only living member of either house of Congress who voted in its favor. In the Senate the bill was favorably reported by SILAS WRIGHT, chairman of the Committee of Finance, and passed almost unanimously.

—The Rev. Mr. MINER, a neighbor of Mr. LINCOLN's, relates a few reminiscences of the late President hitherto unpublished. On the day of his assassination he went to the theatre, not so much to see the play as for relaxation. He seemed to take no notice of what was going on in the theatre, but was overjoyed at the conclusion of the war. The last day he lived was the happiest of his life. The very last moments of his consciousness were spent in conversation with his wife about his future plans, and what he wanted to do after his term expired. He wished especially to visit the Holy Land, and see those places hallowed by the foot-prints of the Saviour. He was saying there was no city he so much desired to see as Jerusalem: and with that word half spoken on his tongue the bullet of the assassin entered his brain.

—For a really piquant and accurate "personal" commend us to a Briton. In the March number of the London *Belgravia*, in an article on the "American Press," Mr. HORACE GREELEY is spoken of as "a man of large heart, philanthropical nature, and broad talent. In appearance he is *short, small, and insignificant!*" etc., etc. Considering that Mr. GREELEY stands nearly if not quite six feet, and weighs over two hundred avoirdupois, this may pass for accuracy.

—The Rev. BENJAMIN MOORE, who was Bishop of New York from 1801 to 1816, was married on the 2d of May, 1778, to Miss CHARITY CLARKE; whereupon in the "poet's corner" of one of the papers of that period blossomed the following:

"The good parson deserved a good CLARKE;
  Such happiness fate had in store;
'Twas CHARITY blew up the spark,
  And fixed the bright flame in one MOORE."

—DANIEL TREADWELL, late Rumford Professor at Harvard, was one of the most ingenious men this country has produced; and no American has invented so large a number of successful machines. His most important invention is the machinery, completed in 1829, for the spinning of hemp for cordage. All the cordage, we believe, for the United States navy is made by his machines. He was at a later period one of the earliest who gave their attention to improvements in ordnance, and his unwearied and costly experiments in the casting of heavy iron and steel guns resulted in patents obtained in this country anticipating the success of the Armstrong gun. He filled the chair of a professorship founded by Count Rumford, and was for many years vice-president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

—Professor JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL last week bestowed his daughter in marriage to Mr. JOSEPH BURNETT, of Boston, a Harvard graduate of 1871.

—Bishop HEBER wrote his world-encircling hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," at the age of thirty-two, before he went to Calcutta, and without the least premeditation. Sitting in the study of his father-in-law, the latter clergyman asked for some verses for an occasional service next day, and REGINALD HEBER retired to a desk in the corner of the room, where conversation continued, and wrote, *currente calamo*, the words which made him famous.

—General SHERMAN has thoroughly established himself in the affections of the Turkish Sultan. On arriving at Constantinople the general and Lieutenant GRANT were made the guests of the government. Menials were placed at their command. An indefinite number of carriages, horses, and wonderfully clad flunkys were hotly at work to make them comfortable.

—Mr. DANIEL DREW states upon his veracity as a reputable member of society and speculator in stocks that never in his life has he charged or received more than seven per cent. per annum for the use of money. Sometimes, however, rapacious usurers have taken advantage of Mr. D., and made him pay ever-so-much per annum when he was short.

—ELISÉE RECLUS, who was imprisoned for eight months at Brest, and then sentenced to penal transportation, has been released, in consequence of a petition to President THIERS signed by G. P. PUTNAM, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, General DIX, PARKE GODWIN, BAYARD TAYLOR, and the Hon. CHARLES P. DALY, and presented to THIERS by Mr. WASHBURNE. M. RECLUS thus expresses himself in a letter dated Munich, March 20, 1872: "At last I have slipped out of my prison, and I enjoy now in free Switzerland the happiness of sweet family life. Now that I am free I can hardly realize the thought of having been kept so long useless to society, and far from my wife and children. But the happier I feel to have met them again the more I am thankful to those who have released me out of that abyss of misery. You are among the friends who rendered me that great service. I thank you from the depth of my heart, and beg you to be my interpreter near the literary and scientific American gentlemen who came forward to claim one of their fellow-workers."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE past week was a dull one in Congress, and very little was done in either branch of the Legislature. In the House, April 9, Mr. Peters, of Maine, introduced a resolution declaring it to be the desire of that body that the claims against Great Britain for consequential damages be waived. The subject was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. In the Senate, April 9, the House bill awarding $190,000 to the officers and crew of the *Kearsarge* was adopted. The One-cent Postal Cards bill, reported from the Post-office Committee, passed the House on the same day. In order to prevent persons from making use of this new means as a vehicle for slanderous communications, it was resolved to provide the cards with flaps. In the Senate, April 10, a bill was introduced giving the American and East Indian Telegraph Company the right to run cables between the American and Asiatic coasts.

The Republican State Conventions of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts were held April 10. Resolutions heartily indorsing President Grant were adopted by both bodies. In Pennsylvania General Hartranft was nominated for Governor.

The Liberal Republicans held a mass meeting at the Cooper Institute April 12. Colonel Frederick A. Conkling presided, and Hon. Carl Schurz, Hon. Lyman Trumbull, and Hon. Horace Greeley delivered speeches in favor of the proposed Cincinnati Convention.

The Democratic State Convention of New York will be held at Rochester May 15.

The Colored Men's National Convention, sitting at New Orleans, passed resolutions, April 12, disclaiming any sympathy with the Labor Reformers and Liberal Republicans, and indorsing the patriotism of Mr. Charles Sumner.

A terrible explosion occurred at the Cunard dock, Jersey City, April 11. The tug-boat *Davenport* was towing four barges out of the dock, when, with terrific force, her boiler burst, utterly demolishing the tug, sinking one of the barges, instantly killing six men, and injuring a number of others.

The steamer *Oceanus*, from Red River for St. Louis, when twenty miles above Cairo, April 11, exploded her boilers, wrecking the boat and scalding or drowning upward of forty persons.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE ancient city of Antioch, in Syria, has just suffered severely from another earthquake. Half the town is said to be in ruins, and fifteen hundred lives are reported to have been lost. This is by no means the first calamity of the kind to which the unfortunate city has been subjected. In the year 145 B.C. it was entirely destroyed by an earthquake; and in the years 458, 526, 587, and 1822 A.D. it was also ruined by the same terrible agency.

The German Parliament was opened April 8. The Emperor's speech was read by Prince Bismarck. Allusion was made to new military and penal codes to be submitted to Parliament, the ratification of a commercial treaty with Portugal, a consular convention with the United States, and a postal convention with France. The Emperor declared, finally, that "imperialization is the bulwark of the Fatherland and the guarantee of peace to Europe."

The Geneva Tribunal on the *Alabama* claims will defer their meeting until the 15th of June.

In the British House of Commons, April 12, a motion was introduced favoring an address to the crown, suggesting the withdrawal of Great Britain from any treaty binding her to interfere with other nations by war. After a long debate the motion was voted down by 126 to 21.

A true bill of indictment has been found against the Tichborne claimant for forgery and perjury.

Another Anglo-American cable is to be laid. The route will be direct from England to New York, and thence to the West Indies.

Arthur O'Connor, the crazy lad who assaulted Queen Victoria recently, was found guilty by a jury, April 11, and sentenced to be lashed and then imprisoned for one year.

Mount Vesuvius is violently belching forth flame, ashes, and stones, greatly to the delight of the tourists.

The Pope has refused the sum of money offered to him by the Italian government. He says that when he wants money he will receive it only from the Catholic world.

Returns from the Spanish elections show that the ministerialists have returned 201, the radicals 62, the republicans 42, the Carlists 38, and the opposition conservatives 32.

During the recent Spanish elections a priest attempted to vote at Santiago, Andalusia, with a revolver in his hand, and was arrested by the police.

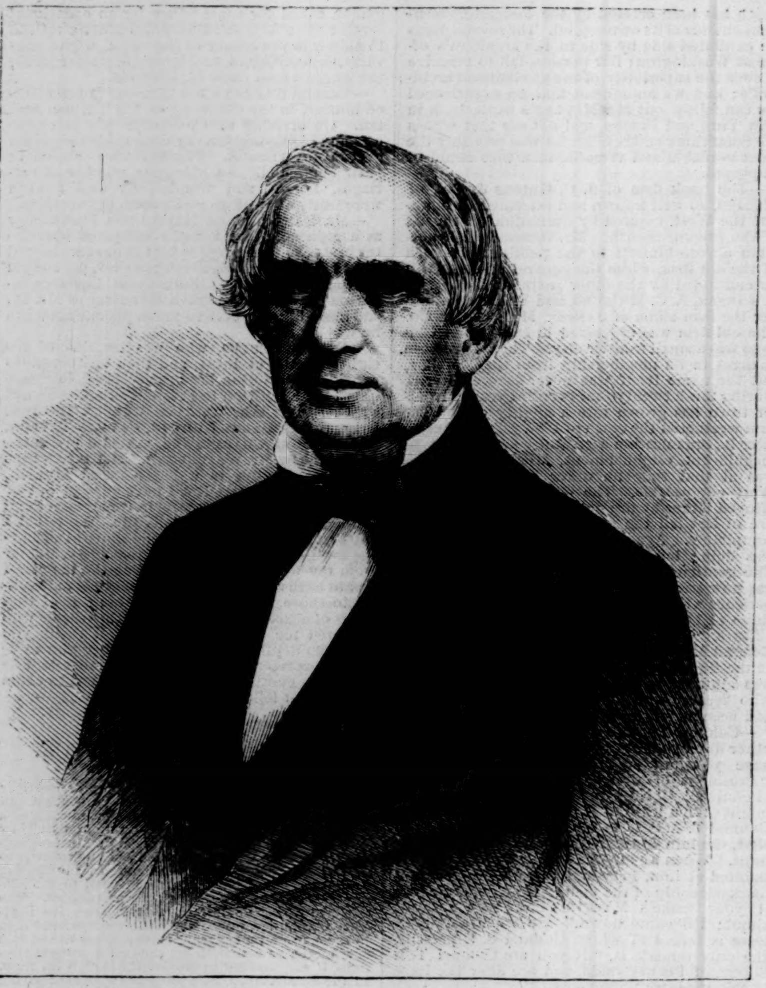
A meeting of the Internationalists in Madrid has been broken up by the police.

Forty-seven thousand women of Alsace have petitioned Bismarck to exempt their relatives from military service for a few years.

The Anchor steamer *Dacian* went ashore, April 9, about forty-five miles from Halifax, and was totally destroyed. Fortunately no lives were lost.

Guatemala has declared war against Honduras and San Salvador.

A dispatch from Jamaica reports the outbreak of a revolution at St. Marc, Hayti, which the troops were suppressing by the wholesale massacre of the insurgents.



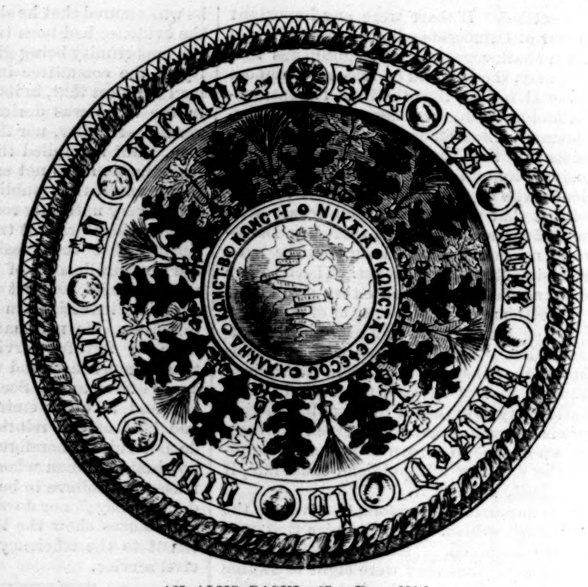
THE LATE HON. ERASTUS CORNING.—[Photographed by E. S. M. Haines, Albany, New York.]

THE LATE ERASTUS CORNING.

Some forty odd years ago a young man, engaged in the hardware business in Albany on a small scale, was informed by a friend that "the little foundry and the mill in the woods near Troy" were at that moment being sold at auction at a salesroom near by. They sauntered in. The auctioneer had been for some time trying to get an advance on a bid of $5250. With hardly a moment's consideration of what he was doing, the young hardware trader bid $5500, and down came the auctioneer's hammer. That young man, who had to hurry out to raise the deposit on his purchase, was Erastus Corning. Such was Mr. Corning's modest beginning as a manufacturer of iron—a business from which he realized millions. That little foundry and rolling-mill in the woods have been gradually enlarged to what the Albany Iron-Works now are, at a cost of one and a half millions of dollars; and, in addition, Mr. Corning had probably more money invested in the manufacture of iron than any other capitalist in the United States.

Mr. Corning was an earnest politician. He was Mayor of Albany three years, several times a member of the State Legislature, and was elected a member of the Thirty-fifth Congress. He was subsequently re-elected to the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Congresses. He resigned his seat, owing to declining health. He was a member of the Peace Congress of 1861. While in Congress he was active in trying to prevent the war, and, after that was impossible, in urging a vigorous prosecution of it. In business he displayed great sagacity and energy. His wealth enabled him to engage in large enterprises, such as the development of our canal and railroad systems. In connection with these he also devoted himself to banking. It was through his exertions that the New York Central road was first consolidated, and it may therefore be said, created.

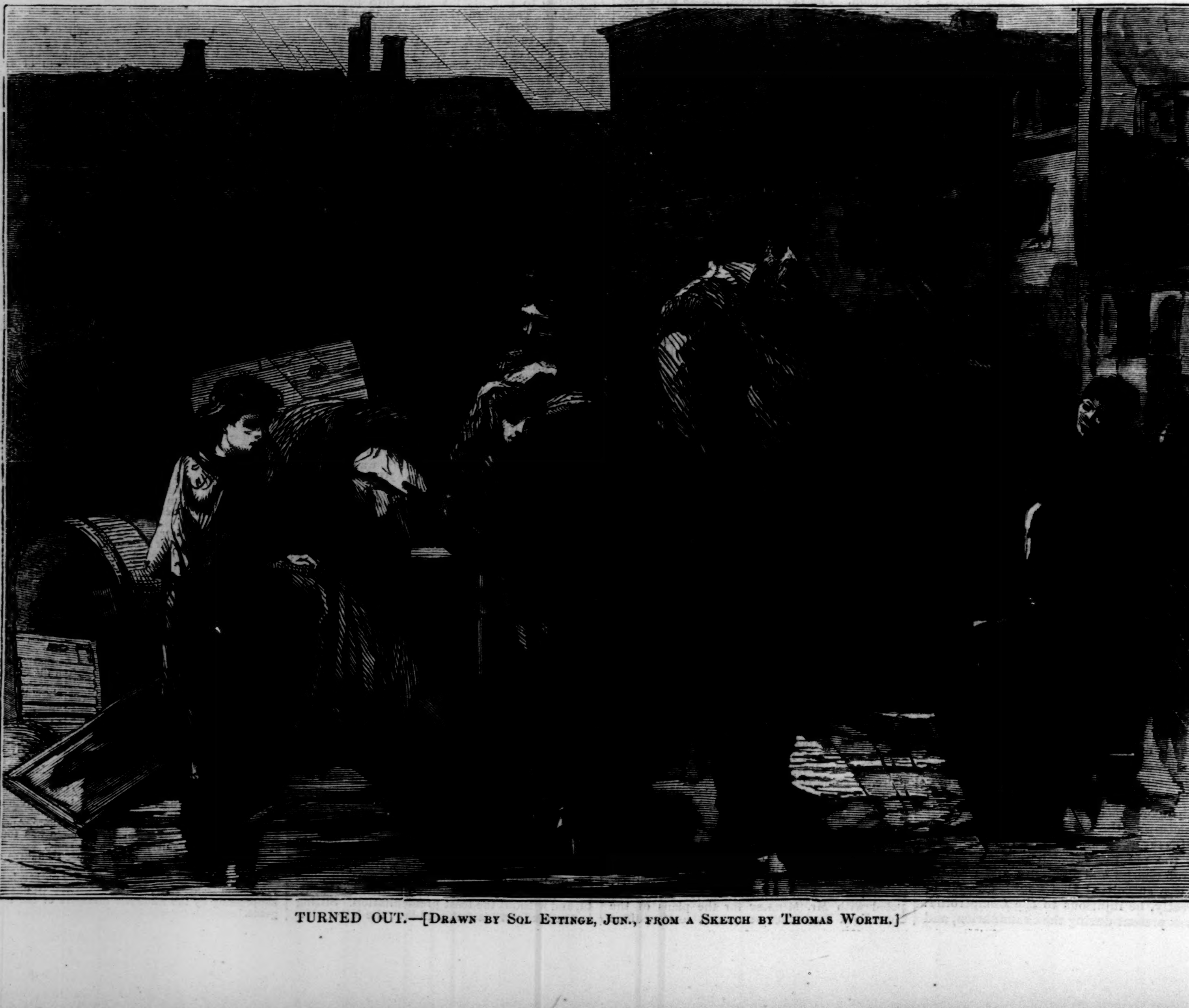
Mr. Corning was a native of Norwich, Connecticut, where he was born in December, 1794. Throughout his long and conspicuous career as a business man and politician he maintained a character for simplicity, integrity, and purity without spot or blemish. He was especially kind to deserving young men, and by his advice and check-book placed many such on the road to usefulness and fortune. A more domestic man, or a more even-tempered man, it would be difficult to name. During the last eight or ten years of his life he became a very devoted member of the Episcopal Church, and from his means gave largely to the benevolent objects and institutions of the Church. Indeed, benevolence was one of his most conspicuous qualities.



AN ALMS BASIN.—[See Page 331.]

TURNED OUT.

Few of our readers, let us trust, have ever witnessed such a scene as the one with this title on this page. Such occurrences generally take place in out-of-the-way streets, where most of the buildings are those terrible abodes of misery and wretchedness known as "tenement-houses." The family in our picture is evidently honest and respectable; but times are hard, work is slack, and rent-day comes about with dreadful regularity. The money is not forthcoming, and the landlord or his agent has turned the poor people out into the street with all their wretched store of furniture—too poor to seize even for the small amount they owe. There is no shelter for them. No landlord will let them have even one room. So there they stand in the driving rain, friendless and helpless. Perhaps, with that exalted charity so often found among the poor, some less wretched neighbor may take them in for the night, and share with them their shelter and scanty food.



TURNED OUT.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun., from a Sketch by Thomas Worth.]

SETH GREEN'S SHAD NURSERY.

SPAWNING THE SHAD.

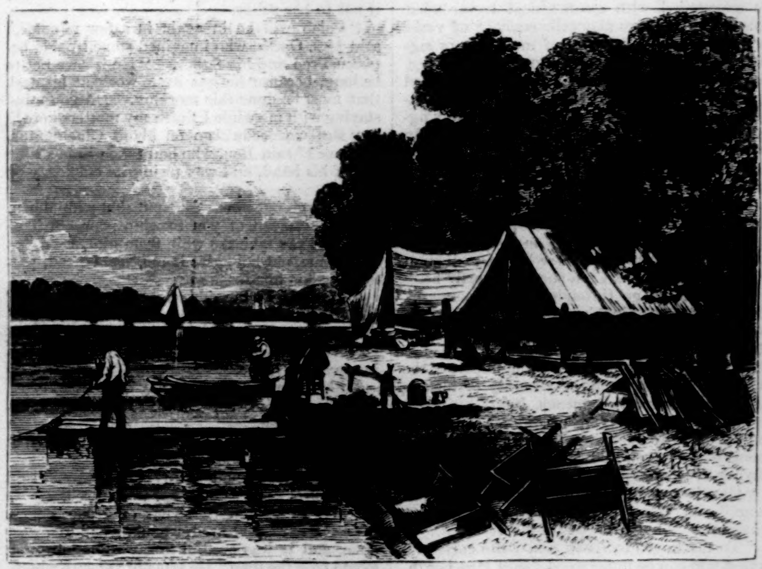
IN April, 1868, the Legislature of the State of New York passed a much-needed act for the protection of fish. The Hudson River was at the moment practically closed by various nets of so small a mesh that mature shad could not ascend to the usual spawning beds.

This act specifies four and a half inches as the smallest mesh to be used in a shad net, and provides, under penalty, for the opening of all nets or traps from sundown of Saturday until sunrise of the following Monday. It also designates the season for shad fishery to be those days between the 15th of April and the 15th of June. HORATIO SEYMOUR, GEORGE G. COOPER, and R. B. ROOSEVELT were appointed Commissioners of Fisheries.

These gentlemen at once engaged the services of Mr. SETH GREEN, and set him at work to restock the Hudson River with shad, and save to the people a food source which bade fair to be presently exhausted.

Mr. GREEN selected for his work a location on the right bank of the Hudson, some four miles above the town of Coeymans. At this point a low island affords protection from wind and the wash of passing steamboats. It is convenient to some of the best fishing grounds of the river. The fish are taken by seine at night. The ova is gently pressed from the female (if ready for spawning) into a pan of water kept in gentle motion. Care is taken not to injure the shad before spawning it. The male shad is made to evolve sufficient milt to impregnate the eggs, which seem instantly to lose their opacity, and become crystals of more than double their unimpregnated size. From the pans they go to the hatching-boxes contrived by Mr. GREEN—a simple wooden box of fifteen by twenty-two inches, fitted with a wire bottom, and arranged with strips of wood fastened on each side to float with the wire bottom at such an angle to the tidal current as will keep the eggs in continual motion, with the exception of a short time at the changing of the tides, when it is necessary to occasionally shake the boxes to keep the spawn from settling to the bottom, a thing fatal to the life of the ova.

From three to five days are necessary to hatch the spawn. The fry, at once capable of taking care of itself, is set free at night, when small fish with appetite for shad fry are close in-shore, and not swarming after the boat, as is the case during the daytime, when they accompany it on each visit to the hatching-boxes to secure the dead spawn, which must be frequently removed from the boxes. A full-grown female shad will spawn upward of one hundred thousand eggs, of which number it is said that no more than a few hundred will be hatched in the natural way, while by good handling upward of ninety thousand may be secured by artificial hatching. Mr. GREEN has already turned some hundreds of millions of shad fry loose at different points in the Hudson, and expresses a belief that three hundred millions of young shad may be hatched out and set free during the few weeks of time devoted to the work. The expense is comparatively small; a few hundred dollars cover the entire outlay. Certainly this is a judicious ex-



CAMP GREEN.

penditure of the people's money, securing as it does a vast food source which would otherwise have dwindled to a supply inadequate to furnish more than a small quantity, which would have found its way only to the tables of the wealthy. Even now there seems to be great danger that foolish avarice and lack of foresight on the part of lower river fishermen will bring the work of the Commissioners to naught. This shows the absolute necessity of a "close time," suggested some years since by Mr. SETH GREEN—that is, the removal of nets from sundown of Saturday until the sunrise of the following Monday, giving free passage up the river to the spawners on their way to accustomed beds, which at present it is practically impossible for more than a few to reach, with the river closed as it is with every description of net and trap. When, several years since, Mr. SETH GREEN undertook to discover some proper apparatus for the artificial hatching of shad, he was working in the interests of the Fish Commissioners of the State of Connecticut, where he told the Connecticut River fishermen he had come with a view of making fish cheap. He inadvertently used the wrong word: "*plenty*" would have saved him many a sore disappointment; for the fishermen were already indignant at some State enactments which to them seemed destined to ruin their business. Next Mr. SETH GREEN was to make fish *cheap*—a thing they immediately took steps to prevent by making it next to impossible for him to proceed with his work. The men whom he engaged to help him in the night fishing (it being necessary to seine at night to secure the spawning shad, as they work on their beds at this time) would take his money, but render small return, unless flopping shad across Mr. GREEN's face, stumbling over the boat and upsetting the pans of impregnated spawn, or dropping the lantern into the water at a critical moment may be regarded as the kind of labor which Mr. GREEN desired in return for his money. But this was not all: it was working in the dark at best, and the effort an experiment. Most of the hatching-boxes were upset or destroyed at night; hidden ones were found filled with dead spawn. It was during an examination of these, by an accidental inclination of the wire bottom to the action of the current, that Mr. GREEN discovered the present box, since which time the fishermen were prevailed upon to permit the experiment, and the beneficial result paid the State hundreds of times the outlay which has been appropriated by the Legislature.

Other States are devoting attention to the subject of pisciculture as a food source, stocking streams and lakes which have for years been tenanted only by small and comparatively valueless fish. In this work Mr. GREEN gladly assists, his great knowledge of the subject rendering his advice invaluable.

This season shad hatching will be commenced by Mr. GREEN as early as May 20, and the work will reach its most interesting point about the 20th of June, at which time, or earlier, parties interested in it will be welcome visitors, as it is desirable that the fullest and best information should be given to the public. To parties desirous of an experimental stock of shad fry the young fish will be delivered without charge. It will be necessary for them, however, to bear all cost of transportation, as the appropriation of the State's funds is comparatively small, and, but for the rigid economy practiced, entirely inadequate for the work, and it will also be necessary for them to take their own provisions.

THE HATCHING GROUND.

SETH GREEN'S SHAD NURSERY ON THE HUDSON.—[DRAWN BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

(Continued from No. 798, page 287.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

Book III.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"The offender's sorrow brings but small relief
To him who wears the strong offense's cross."
—Shakspeare: *Sonnets.*

I am sorry to say that only the third day after the propitious events at Houndsley Fred Vincy had fallen into worse spirits than he had known in his life before. Not that he had been disappointed as to the possible market for his horse, but that before the bargain could be concluded with Lord Medlicote's man, this Diamond, in which hope to the amount of eighty pounds had been invested, had without the slightest warning exhibited in the stable a most vicious energy in kicking, had just missed killing the groom, and had ended in laming himself severely by catching his leg in a rope that overhung the stable-board. There was no more redress for this than for the discovery of bad temper after marriage—which, of course, old companions were aware of before the ceremony. For some reason or other, Fred had none of his usual elasticity under this stroke of ill fortune: he was simply aware that he had only fifty pounds, that there was no chance of his getting any more at present, and that the bill for a hundred and sixty would be presented in five days. Even if he had applied to his father on the plea that Mr. Garth should be saved from loss, Fred felt smartingly that his father would angrily refuse to rescue Mr. Garth from the consequences of what he would call encouraging extravagance and deceit. He was so utterly downcast that he could frame no other project than to go straight to Mr. Garth and tell him the sad truth, carrying with him the fifty pounds, and getting that sum at least safely out of his own hands. His father, being at the warehouse, did not yet know of the accident: when he did he would storm about the vicious brute being brought into his stable; and before meeting that lesser annoyance Fred wanted to get away with all his courage to face the greater. He took his father's nag, for he had made up his mind that when he had told Mr. Garth he would ride to Stone Court and confess all to Mary. In fact, it is probable that but for Mary's existence and Fred's love for her, his conscience would have been much less active both in previously urging the debt on his thought and in impelling him not to spare himself after his usual fashion by deferring an unpleasant task, but to act as directly and simply as he could. Even much stronger mortals than Fred Vincy hold half their rectitude in the mind of the being they love best. "The theatre of all my actions is fallen," said an antique personage when his chief friend was dead; and they are fortunate who get a theatre where the audience demands their best. Certainly it would have made a considerable difference to Fred at that time if Mary Garth had had no decided notions as to what was admirable in character.

Mr. Garth was not at the office, and Fred rode on to his house, which was a little way outside the town—a homely place with an orchard in front of it, a rambling, old-fashioned, half-timbered building, which before the town had spread had been a farm-house, but was now surrounded with the private gardens of the townsmen. We get the fonder of our houses if they have a physiognomy of their own, as our friends have. The Garth family, which was rather a large one, for Mary had four brothers and one sister, were very fond of their old house, from which all the best furniture had long been sold. Fred liked it too, knowing it by heart even to the attic, which smelled deliciously of apples and quinces, and until to-day he had never come to it without pleasant expectations; but his heart beat uneasily now with the sense that he should probably have to make his confession before Mrs. Garth, of whom he was rather more in awe than of her husband. Not that she was inclined to sarcasm and to impulsive sallies, as Mary was. In her present matronly age, at least, Mrs. Garth never committed herself by overhasty speech; having, as she said, borne the yoke in her youth, and learned self-control. She had that rare sense which discerns what is inalterable, and submits to it without murmuring. Adoring her husband's virtues, she had very early made up her mind to his incapacity of minding his own interests, and had met the consequences cheerfully. She had been magnanimous enough to renounce all pride in tea-pots or children's frilling, and had never poured any pathetic confidences into the ears of her feminine neighbors concerning Mr. Garth's want of prudence and the sums he might have had if he had been like other men. Hence these fair neighbors thought her either proud or eccentric, and sometimes spoke of her to their husbands as "your fine Mrs. Garth." She was not without her criticism of them in return, being more accurately instructed than most matrons in Middlemarch, and—where is the blameless woman?—apt to be a little severe toward her own sex, which in her opinion was framed to be entirely subordinate. On the other hand, she was disproportionately indulgent toward the failings of the men, and was often heard to say that these were natural. Also, it must be admitted that Mrs. Garth was a trifle too emphatic in her resistance to what she held to be follies: the passage from governess into housewife had wrought itself a little too strongly into her consciousness, and she rarely forgot that while her grammar and accent were above the town standard, she wore a plain cap, cooked the family dinner, and darned all the stockings. She had sometimes taken pupils in a peripatetic fashion, making them follow her about in the kitchen with their book or slate. She thought it good for them to see that she could make an excellent lather while she corrected their blunders "without looking"—that a woman with her sleeves tucked up above her elbows might know all about the Subjunctive Mood or the Torrid Zone—that, in short, she might possess "education" and other good things ending in "tion," and worthy to be pronounced emphatically, without being a useless doll. When she made remarks to this edifying effect she had a firm little frown on her brow, which yet did not hinder her face from looking benevolent, and her words, which came forth like a procession, were uttered in a fervid, agreeable contralto. Certainly the exemplary Mrs. Garth had her droll aspects, but her character sustained her oddities, as very fine wine sustains a flavor of skin.

Toward Fred Vincy she had a motherly feeling, and had always been disposed to excuse his errors, though she would probably not have excused Mary for engaging herself to him, her daughter being included in that more rigorous judgment which she applied to her own sex. But this very fact of her exceptional indulgence toward him made it the harder to Fred that he must now inevitably sink in her opinion. And the circumstances of his visit turned out to be still more unpleasant than he had expected; for Caleb Garth had gone out early to look at some repairs not far off. Mrs. Garth at certain hours was always in the kitchen, and this morning she was carrying on several occupations at once there—making her pies at the well-scoured deal table on one side of that airy room, observing Sally's movements at the oven and dough-tub through an open door, and giving lessons to her youngest boy and girl, who were standing opposite to her at the table with their books and slates before them. A tub and a clothes-horse at the other end of the kitchen indicated an intermittent wash of small things also going on.

Mrs. Garth, with her sleeves turned above her elbows, deftly handling her pastry—applying her rolling-pin and giving ornamental pinches, while she expounded with grammatical fervor what were the right views about the concord of verbs and pronouns with "nouns of multitude or signifying many"—was a sight agreeably amusing. She was of the same curly haired, square-faced type as Mary, but handsomer, with more delicacy of feature, a pale skin, a solid matronly figure, and a remarkable firmness of glance. In her snowy frilled cap she reminded one of that delightful Frenchwoman whom we have all seen marketing, basket on arm. Looking at the mother, you might hope that the daughter would become like her, which is a prospective advantage equal to a dowry—the mother too often standing behind the daughter like a malignant prophecy—"Such as I am she will shortly be."

"Now let us go through that once more," said Mrs. Garth, pinching an apple-puff which seemed to distract Ben, an energetic young male with a heavy brow, from due attention to the lesson. "'Not without regard to the import of the word as conveying unity or plurality of idea'—tell me again what that means, Ben."

(Mrs. Garth, like more celebrated educators, had her favorite ancient paths, and in a general wreck of society would have tried to hold her Lindley Murray above the waves.)

"Oh—it means—you must think what you mean," said Ben, rather peevishly. "I hate grammar. What's the use of it?"

"To teach you to speak and write correctly, so that you can be understood," said Mrs. Garth, with severe precision. "Should you like to speak as old Job does?"

"Yes," said Ben, stoutly; "it's funnier. He says, 'Yo goo'—that's just as good as 'You go.'"

"But he says, 'A ship's in the garden,' instead of 'a sheep,'" said Letty, with an air of superiority. "You might think he meant a ship off the sea."

"No, you mightn't, if you weren't silly," said Ben. "How could a ship off the sea come there?"

"These things belong only to pronunciation, which is the least part of grammar," said Mrs. Garth. "That apple peel is to be eaten by the pigs, Ben; if you eat it, I must give them your piece of pasty. Job has only to speak about very plain things. How do you think you would write or speak about any thing more difficult, if you knew no more of grammar than he does? You would use wrong words, and put words in the wrong places, and instead of making people understand you, they would turn away from you as a tiresome person. What would you do then?"

"I shouldn't care; I should leave off," said Ben, with a sense that this was an agreeable issue where grammar was concerned.

"I see you are getting tired and stupid, Ben," said Mrs. Garth, accustomed to these obstructive arguments from her male offspring. Having finished her pies, she moved toward the clothes-horse, and said, "Come here and tell me the story I told you on Wednesday about Cincinnatus."

"I know! he was a farmer," said Ben.

"Now, Ben, he was a Roman—let *me* tell," said Letty, using her elbow contentiously.

"You silly thing, he was a Roman farmer, and he was plowing."

"Yes, but before that—that didn't come first—people wanted him," said Letty.

"Well, but you must say what sort of a man he was first," insisted Ben. "He was a wise man, like my father, and that made the people want his advice. And he was a brave man, and could fight. And so could my father—couldn't he, mother?"

"Now, Ben, let me tell the story straight on, as mother told it us," said Letty, frowning. "Please, mother, tell Ben not to speak."

"Letty, I am ashamed of you," said her mother, wringing out the caps from the tub. "When your brother began, you ought to have waited to see if he could not tell the story. How rude you look, pushing and frowning, as if you wanted to conquer with your elbows! Cincinnatus, I am sure, would have been sorry to see his daughter behave so." (Mrs. Garth delivered this awful sentence with much majesty of enunciation, and Letty felt that between repressed volubility and general disesteem, that of the Romans inclusive, life was already a painful affair.) "Now, Ben."

"Well—oh—well—why, there was a great deal of fighting, and they were all blockheads, and—I can't tell it just how you told it—but they wanted a man to be captain and king and every thing—"

"Dictator, now," said Letty, with injured looks, and not without a wish to make her mother repent.

"Very well, dictator!" said Ben, contemptuously. "But that isn't a good word: he didn't tell them to write on slates."

"Come, come, Ben, you are not so ignorant as that," said Mrs. Garth, carefully serious. "Hark, there is a knock at the door! Run, Letty, and open it."

The knock was Fred's; and when Letty said that her father was not in yet, but that her mother was in the kitchen, Fred had no alternative. He could not depart from his usual practice of going to see Mrs. Garth in the kitchen if she happened to be at work there. He put his arm round Letty's neck silently, and led her into the kitchen without his usual jokes and caresses.

Mrs. Garth was surprised to see Fred at this hour, but surprise was not a feeling that she was given to express, and she only said, quietly continuing her work:

"You, Fred, so early in the day? You look quite pale. Has any thing happened?"

"I want to speak to Mr. Garth," said Fred, not yet ready to say more—"and to you also," he added, after a little pause, for he had no doubt that Mrs. Garth knew every thing about the bill, and he must in the end speak of it before her, if not to her solely.

"Caleb will be in again in a few minutes," said Mrs. Garth, who imagined some trouble between Fred and his father. "He is sure not to be long, because he has some work at his desk that must be done this morning. Do you mind staying with me while I finish my matters here?"

"But we needn't go on about Cincinnatus, need we?" said Ben, who had taken Fred's whip out of his hand, and was trying its efficiency on the cat.

"No; go out now. But put that whip down. How very mean of you to whip poor old Tortoise! Pray take the whip from him, Fred."

"Come, old boy, give it me," said Fred, putting out his hand.

"Will you let me ride on your horse to-day?" said Ben, rendering up the whip with an air of not being obliged to do it.

"Not to-day—another time. I am not riding my own horse."

"Shall you see Mary to-day?"

"Yes, I think so," said Fred, with an unpleasant twinge.

"Tell her to come home soon, and play at forfeits, and make fun."

"Enough, enough, Ben! run away," said Mrs. Garth, seeing that Fred was teased.

"Are Letty and Ben your only pupils now, Mrs. Garth?" said Fred, when the children were gone, and it was needful to say something that would pass the time. He was not yet sure whether he should wait for Mr. Garth, or use any good opportunity in conversation to confess to Mrs. Garth herself, give her the money, and ride away.

"One—only one. Fanny Hackbutt comes at half past eleven. I am not getting a great income now," said Mrs. Garth, smiling. "I am at a low ebb with pupils. But I have saved my little purse for Alfred's premium: I have ninety-two pounds. He can go to Mr. Hanmer's now; he is just at the right age."

This did not lead well toward the news that Mr. Garth was on the brink of losing ninety-two pounds and more. Fred was silent. "Young gentlemen who go to college are rather more costly than that," Mrs. Garth innocently continued, pulling out the edging on a cap-border. "And Caleb thinks that Alfred will turn out a distinguished engineer: he wants to give the boy a good chance. There he is! I hear him coming in. We will go to him in the parlor, shall we?"

When they entered the parlor Caleb had thrown down his hat and was seated at his desk.

"What, Fred, my boy?" he said, in a tone of mild surprise, holding his pen still undipped. "You are here betimes." But missing the usual expression of cheerful greeting in Fred's face, he immediately added, "Is there any thing up at home?—any thing the matter?"

"Yes, Mr. Garth, I am come to tell something that I am afraid will give you a bad opinion of me. I am come to tell you and Mrs. Garth that I can't keep my word. I can't find the money to meet the bill, after all. I have been unfortunate. I have only got these fifty pounds toward the hundred and sixty."

While Fred was speaking he had taken out the notes and laid them on the desk before Mr. Garth. He had burst forth at once with the plain fact, feeling boyishly miserable and without verbal resources. Mrs. Garth was mutely astonished, and looked at her husband for an explanation. Caleb blushed, and after a little pause said:

"Oh, I didn't tell you, Susan: I put my name to a bill for Fred; it was for a hundred and sixty pounds. He made sure he could meet it himself."

There was an evident change in Mrs. Garth's face, but it was like a change below the surface of water which remains smooth. She fixed her eyes on Fred, saying,

"I suppose you have asked your father for the rest of the money, and he has refused you?"

"No," said Fred, biting his lip, and speaking with more difficulty; "but I know it will be of no use to ask him; and unless it were of use, I should not like to mention Mr. Garth's name in the matter."

"It has come at an unfortunate time," said Caleb, in his hesitating way, looking down at the notes and nervously fingering the paper, "Christmas upon us—I'm rather hard up just now. You see, I have to cut out every thing like a tailor with short measure. What can we do, Susan? I shall want every farthing we have in the bank. It's a hundred and ten pounds, the deuce take it!"

"I must give you the ninety-two pounds that I have put by for Alfred's premium," said Mrs. Garth, gravely and decisively, though a nice ear might have discerned a slight tremor in some of the words. "And I have no doubt that Mary has twenty pounds saved from her salary by this time. She will advance it."

Mrs. Garth had not again looked at Fred, and was not in the least calculating what words she should use to cut him the most effectively. Like the eccentric woman she was, she was at present absorbed in considering what was to be done, and did not fancy that the end could be better achieved by bitter remarks or explosions. But she had made Fred feel for the first time something like the tooth of remorse. Curiously enough, his pain in the affair beforehand had consisted almost entirely in the sense that he must seem dishonorable, and sink in the opinion of the Garths: he had not occupied himself with the inconvenience and possible injury that his breach might occasion them, for this exercise of the imagination on other people's needs is not common with hopeful young gentlemen. Indeed, we are most of us brought up in the notion that the highest motive for not doing a wrong is something irrespective of the beings who would suffer the wrong. But at this moment he suddenly saw himself as a pitiful rascal who was robbing two women of their savings.

"I shall certainly pay it all, Mrs. Garth—ultimately," he stammered out.

"Yes, ultimately," said Mrs. Garth, who, having a special dislike to fine words on ugly occasions, could not now repress an epigram. "But boys can not well be apprenticed ultimately: they should be apprenticed at fifteen." She had never been so little inclined to make excuses for Fred.

"I was the most in the wrong, Susan," said Caleb. "Fred made sure of finding the money. But I'd no business to be fingering bills. I suppose you have looked all round and tried all honest means?" he added, fixing his merciful gray eyes on Fred. Caleb was too delicate to specify Mr. Featherstone.

"Yes, I have tried every thing—I really have. I should have had a hundred and thirty pounds ready but for a misfortune with a horse which I was about to sell. My uncle had given me eighty pounds, and I paid away thirty with my old horse in order to get another, which I was going to sell for eighty or more—I meant to go without a horse—but now it has turned out vicious and lamed itself. I wish I and the horses too had been at the devil before I had brought this on you. There's no one else I care so much for: you and Mrs. Garth have always been so kind to me. However, it's no use saying that. You will always think me a rascal now."

Fred turned round and hurried out of the room, conscious that he was getting rather womanish, and feeling confusedly that his being sorry was not of much use to the Garths. They could see him mount and quickly pass through the gate.

"I am disappointed in Fred Vincy," said Mrs. Garth. "I would not have believed beforehand that he would have drawn you into his debts. I knew he was extravagant, but I did not think that he would be so mean as to hang his risks on his oldest friend, who could the least afford to lose."

"I was a fool, Susan."

"That you were," said the wife, nodding and smiling. "But I should not have gone to publish it in the market-place. Why should you keep such things from me? It is just so with your buttons; you let them burst off without telling me, and go out with your wristband hanging. If I had only known I might have been ready with some better plan."

"You are sadly cut up, I know, Susan," said Caleb, looking feelingly at her. "I can't abide your losing the money you've scraped together for Alfred."

"It is very well that I *had* scraped it together; and it is you who will have to suffer, for you must teach the boy yourself. You must give up your bad habits. Some men take to drinking, and you have taken to working without pay. You must indulge yourself a little less in that. And you must ride over to Mary, and ask the child what money she has."

Caleb had pushed his chair back, and was leaning forward, shaking his head slowly, and fitting his finger-tips together with much nicety.

"Poor Mary!" he said. "Susan," he went on, in a lower tone, "I'm afraid she may be fond of Fred."

"Oh no! She always laughs at him; and he is not likely to think of her in any other than a brotherly way."

Caleb made no rejoinder, but presently lowered his spectacles, drew up his chair to the desk, and said, "Deuce take the bill—I wish it was at Hanover. These things are a sad interruption to business!"

The first part of this speech comprised his

whole store of maledictory expression, and was uttered with a slight snarl easy to imagine. But it would be difficult to convey to those who never heard him utter the word "business" the peculiar tone of fervid veneration, of religious regard, in which he wrapped it, as a consecrated symbol is wrapped in its gold-fringed linen.

Caleb Garth often shook his head in meditation on the value, the indispensable might of that myriad-headed, myriad-handed labor by which the social body is fed, clothed, and housed. It had laid hold of his imagination in boyhood. The echoes of the great hammer where roof or keel were a-making, the signal-shouts of the workmen, the roar of the furnace, the thunder and plash of the engine, were a sublime music to him; the felling and lading of timber, and the huge trunk vibrating star-like in the distance along the highway, the crane at work on the wharf, the piled-up produce in warehouses, the precision and variety of muscular effort wherever exact work had to be turned out—all these sights of his youth had acted on him as poetry without the aid of the poets, had made a philosophy for him without the aid of philosophers, a religion without the aid of theology. His early ambition had been to have as effective a share as possible in this sublime labor, which was peculiarly dignified by him with the name of "business;" and though he had only been a short time under a surveyor, and had been chiefly his own teacher, he knew more of land, building, and mining than most of the special men in the county.

His classification of human employments was rather crude, and, like the categories of more celebrated men, would not be acceptable in these advanced times. He divided them into "business, politics, preaching, learning, and amusement." He had nothing to say against the last four; but he regarded them as a reverential pagan regarded other gods than his own. In the same way he thought very well of all ranks, but he would not himself have liked to be of any rank in which he had not such close contact with "business" as to get often honorably decorated with marks of dust and mortar, the damp of the engine, or the sweet soil of the woods and fields. Though he had never regarded himself as other than an orthodox Christian, and would argue on prevenient grace if the subject were proposed to him, I think his virtual divinities were good practical schemes, accurate work, and the faithful completion of undertakings: his prince of darkness was a slack workman. But there was no spirit of denial in Caleb, and the world seemed so wondrous to him that he was ready to accept any number of systems, like any number of firmaments, if they did not obviously interfere with the best land drainage, solid building, correct measuring, and judicious boring (for coal). In fact, he had a reverential soul with a strong practical intelligence. But he could not manage finance: he knew values well, but he had no keenness of imagination for momentary results in the shape of profit and loss: and having ascertained this to his cost, he determined to give up all forms of his beloved "business" which required that talent. He gave himself up entirely to the many kinds of work which he could do without handling capital, and was one of those precious men within his own district whom every body would choose to work for them, because he did his work well, charged very little, and often declined to charge at all. It is no wonder, then, that the Garths were poor, and "lived in a small way." However, they did not mind it.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despai

. . . . .

"Love seeketh only self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a hell in heaven's despite."
—W. Blake: *Songs of Experience.*

Fred Vincy wanted to arrive at Stone Court when Mary could not expect him, and when his uncle was not down stairs: in that case she might be sitting alone in the wainscoted parlor. He left his horse in the yard to avoid making a noise on the gravel in front, and entered the parlor without other notice than the noise of the door-handle. Mary was in her usual corner, laughing over Mrs. Piozzi's recollections of Johnson, and looked up with the fun still in her face. It gradually faded as she saw Fred approach her without speaking, and stand before her with his elbow on the mantel-piece, looking ill. She too was silent, only raising her eyes to him inquiringly.

"Mary," he began, "I am a good-for-nothing blackguard."

"I should think one of those epithets would do at a time," said Mary, trying to smile, but feeling alarmed.

"I know you will never think well of me any more. You will think me a liar. You will think me dishonest. You will think I didn't care for you, or your father and mother. You always do make the worst of me, I know."

"I can not deny that I shall think all that of you, Fred, if you give me good reasons. But please to tell me at once what you have done. I would rather know the painful truth than imagine it."

"I owed money—a hundred and sixty pounds. I asked your father to put his name to a bill. I thought it would not signify to him. I made sure of paying the money myself, and I have tried as hard as I could. And now I have been so unlucky—a horse has turned out badly—I can only pay fifty pounds. And I can't ask my father for the money: he would not give me a farthing. And my uncle gave me a hundred a little while ago. So what can I do? And now your father has no ready money to spare, and your mother will have to pay away her ninety-two pounds that she has saved, and she says your savings must go too. You see what a—"

"Oh, poor mother, poor father!" said Mary, her eyes filling with tears, and a little sob rising, which she tried to repress. She looked straight before her and took no notice of Fred, all the consequences at home becoming present to her. He too remained silent for some moments, feeling more miserable than ever.

"I wouldn't have hurt you so for the world, Mary," he said at last. "You can never forgive me."

"What does it matter whether I forgive you?" said Mary, passionately. "Would that make it any better for my mother to lose the money she has been earning by lessons for four years, that she might send Alfred to Mr. Hanmer's? Should you think all that pleasant enough if I forgave you?"

"Say what you like, Mary. I deserve it all."

"I don't want to say any thing," said Mary, more quietly; "my anger is of no use." She dried her eyes, threw aside her book, rose, and fetched her sewing.

Fred followed her with his eyes, hoping that they would meet hers, and in that way find access for his imploring penitence. But no! Mary could easily avoid looking upward.

"I do care about your mother's money going," he said, when she was seated again and sewing quickly. "I wanted to ask you, Mary—don't you think that Mr. Featherstone—if you were to tell him—tell him, I mean, about apprenticing Alfred—would advance the money?"

"My family is not fond of begging, Fred. We would rather work for our money. Besides, you say that Mr. Featherstone has lately given you a hundred pounds. He rarely makes presents; he has never made presents to us. I am sure my father will not ask him for any thing; and even if I chose to beg of him, it would be of no use."

"I am so miserable, Mary—if you knew how miserable I am, you would be sorry for me."

"There are other things to be more sorry for than that. But selfish people always think their own discomfort of more importance than any thing else in the world: I see enough of that every day."

"It is hardly fair to call me selfish. If you knew what things other young men do, you would think me a good way off the worst."

"I know that people who spend a great deal of money on themselves without knowing how they shall pay must be selfish. They are always thinking of what they can get for themselves, and not of what other people may lose."

"Any man may be unfortunate, Mary, and find himself unable to pay when he meant it. There is not a better man in the world than your father, and yet he got into trouble."

"How dare you make any comparison between my father and you, Fred?" said Mary, in a deep tone of indignation. "He never got into trouble by thinking of his own idle pleasures, but because he was always thinking of the work he was doing for other people. And he has fared hard, and worked hard to make good every body's loss."

"And you think that I shall never try to make good any thing, Mary. It is not generous to believe the worst of a man. When you have got any power over him, I think you might try and use it to make him better; but that is what you never do. However, I'm going," Fred ended, languidly. "I shall never speak to you about any thing again. I'm very sorry for all the trouble I've caused—that's all."

Mary had dropped her work out of her hand and looked up. There is often something maternal even in a girlish love, and Mary's hard experience had wrought her nature to an impressibility very different from that hard slight thing which we call girlishness. At Fred's last words she felt an instantaneous pang, something like what a mother feels at the imagined sobs or cries of her naughty truant child, which may lose itself and get harm. And when, looking up, her eyes met his dull despairing glance, her pity for him surmounted her anger and all her other anxieties.

"Oh, Fred, how ill you look! Sit down a moment. Don't go yet. Let me tell uncle that you are here. He has been wondering that he has not seen you for a whole week." Mary spoke hurriedly, saying the words that came first without knowing very well what they were, but saying them in a half-soothing, half-beseeching tone, and rising as if to go away to Mr. Featherstone. Of course Fred felt as if the clouds had parted, and a gleam had come: he moved and stood in her way.

"Say one word, Mary, and I will do any thing. Say you will not think the worst of me—will not give me up altogether."

"As if it were any pleasure to me to think ill of you," said Mary, in a mournful tone. "As if it were not very painful to me to see you an idle, frivolous creature. How can you bear to be so contemptible, when others are working and striving, and there are so many things to be done—how can you bear to be fit for nothing in the world that is useful? And with so much good in your disposition, Fred—you might be worth a great deal."

"I will try to be any thing you like, Mary, if you will say that you love me."

"I should be ashamed to say that I loved a man who must always be hanging on others, and reckoning on what they would do for him. What will you be when you are forty? Like Mr. Bowyer, I suppose—just as idle, living in Mrs. Beck's front parlor—fat and shabby, hoping somebody will invite you to dinner—spending your morning in learning a comic song—oh no! learning a tune on the flute."

Mary's lips had begun to curl with a smile as soon as she had asked that question about Fred's future (young souls are mobile), and before she ended her face had its full illumination of fun. To him it was like the cessation of an ache that Mary could laugh at him, and with a passive sort of smile he tried to reach her hand; but she slipped away quickly toward the door and said, "I shall tell uncle. You *must* see him for a moment or two."

Fred secretly felt that his future was guaranteed against the fulfillment of Mary's sarcastic prophecies, apart from that "any thing" which he was ready to do if she would define it. He never dared in Mary's presence to approach the subject of his expectations from Mr. Featherstone, and she always ignored them, as if every thing depended on himself. But if ever he actually came into the property, she must recognize the change in his position. All this passed through his mind somewhat languidly before he went up to see his uncle. He staid but a little while, excusing himself on the ground that he had a cold; and Mary did not reappear before he left the house. But as he rode home he began to be more conscious of being ill than of being melancholy.

When Caleb Garth arrived at Stone Court, soon after dusk, Mary was not surprised, although he seldom had leisure for paying her a visit, and was not at all fond of having to talk with Mr. Featherstone. The old man, on the other hand, felt himself ill at ease with a brother-in-law whom he could not annoy, who did not mind about being considered poor, had nothing to ask of him, and understood all kinds of farming and mining business better than he did. But Mary had felt sure that her parents would want to see her, and if her father had not come, she would have obtained leave to go home for an hour or two the next day. After discussing prices during tea with Mr. Featherstone, Caleb rose to bid him good-by, and said, "I want to speak to you, Mary."

She took a candle into another large parlor, where there was no fire, and setting down the feeble light on the dark mahogany table, turned round to her father, and putting her arms round his neck kissed him with childish kisses which he delighted in—the expression of his large brows softening as the expression of a great beautiful dog softens when it is caressed. Mary was his favorite child, and whatever Susan might say, and right as she was on all other subjects, Caleb thought it natural that Fred or any one else should think Mary more lovable than other girls."

"I've got something to tell you, my dear," said Caleb, in his hesitating way. "No very good news; but then it might be worse."

"About money, father? I think I know what it is."

"Ay? how can that be? You see, I've been a bit of a fool again, and put my name to a bill, and now it comes to paying; and your mother has got to part with her savings, that's the worst of it, and even they won't quite make things even. We wanted a hundred and ten pounds: your mother has ninety-two, and I have none to spare in the bank; and she thinks that you will have some savings."

"Oh yes; I have more than four-and-twenty pounds. I thought you would come, father, so I put it in my bag. See! beautiful white notes and gold."

Mary took out the folded money from her reticule and put it into her father's hand.

"Well, but how—we only want eighteen—here, put the rest back, child—but how did you know about it?" said Caleb, who, in his unconquerable indifference to money, was beginning to be chiefly concerned about the relation the affair might have to Mary's affections.

"Fred told me this morning."

"Ah! Did he come on purpose?"

"Yes, I think so. He was a good deal distressed."

"I'm afraid Fred is not to be trusted, Mary," said the father, with hesitating tenderness. "He means better than he acts, perhaps. But I should think it a pity for any body's happiness to be wrapped up in him, and so would your mother."

"And so should I, father," said Mary, not looking up, but putting the back of her father's hand against her cheek.

"I don't want to pry, my dear. But I was afraid there might be something between you and Fred, and I wanted to caution you. You see, Mary"—here Caleb's voice became more tender; he had been pushing his hat about on the table, and looking at it, but finally he turned his eyes on his daughter—"a woman, let her be as good as she may, has got to put up with the life her husband makes for her. Your mother has had to put up with a good deal because of me."

Mary turned the back of her father's hand to her lips and smiled at him.

"Well, well, nobody's perfect, but"—here Mr. Garth shook his head to help out the inadequacy of words—"what I'm thinking of is—what it must be for a wife when she's never sure of her husband, when he hasn't got a principle in him to make him more afraid of doing the wrong thing by others than of getting his own toes pinched. That's the long and the short of it, Mary. Young folks may get fond of each other before they know what life is, and they may think it all holiday if they can only get together; but it soon turns into working-day, my dear. However, you have more sense than most, and you haven't been kept in cotton-wool: there may be no occasion for me to say this, but a father trembles for his daughter, and you are all by yourself here."

"Don't fear for me, father," said Mary, gravely, meeting her father's eyes; "Fred has always been very good to me; he is kind-hearted and affectionate, and not false, I think, with all his self-indulgence. But I will never engage myself to one who has no manly independence, and who goes on loitering away his time on the chance that others will provide for him. You and my mother have taught me too much pride for that."

"That's right—that's right. Then I am easy," said Mr. Grath, taking up his hat. "But it's hard to run away with your earnings, child."

"Father!" said Mary, in her deepest tone of remonstrance. "Take pocketfuls of love besides to them all at home," was her last word before he closed the outer door on himself.

"I suppose your father wanted your earnings," said old Mr. Featherstone, with his usual power of unpleasant surmise, when Mary returned to him. "He makes but a tight fit, I reckon. You're of age now; you ought to be saving for yourself."

"I consider my father and mother the best part of myself, Sir," said Mary, coldly.

Mr. Featherstone grunted: he could not deny that an ordinary sort of girl like her might be expected to be useful, so he thought of another rejoinder, disagreeable enough to be always apropos. "If Fred Vincy comes to-morrow, now, don't you keep him chattering: let him come up to me."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

When Harriet Martineau visited America a number of the wise men and women of the East were assembled to welcome her in a certain house not many miles from Boston. One of these Magi, on approaching the star, was so bewildered by the unlooked-for presentation of her ear-trumpet as the only mode of access that he horrified himself by the utterance of a most *mal à propos* speech. "Madam," said he, "have you observed how charmingly our birds sing?"

To dispel darkness from about you, make light of your troubles.

The mosquito, as a public singer, draws well, but never gives satisfaction.

Said Mr. Cantwell to his clergyman, who had a great disrelish for hypocrisy, "How can I best help to reform the world?" "By beginning with yourself!" was the conclusive reply.

A handsome young gentleman walked into an express office the other day in order to dispatch a package of letters to a lady, to whom he desired to return them. "What are they worth?" asked the clerk, who in making out his account desired to know what was the risk. The young man hesitated a moment, then clearing his throat from a certain huskiness, replied, "Well, I can't say exactly, but a few weeks ago I thought they were worth about four hundred thousand dollars."

If a man has a great many debts, are they "very much to his credit?"

Why is troy-weight like an unconscientious person?—Because it has no scruples.

Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

The Height of Impudence—Taking refuge from the rain in an umbrella shop.

When corn is converted into whisky, it must become the "giddy maze" we hear of.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she married. There's hope for some of you other ladies, after all.

When Charles Lamb visited the Lichfield Cathedral, his guide told him that three men once dined upon the top of the steeple. "They must have been very sharp set," said Lamb.

A farmer, while being run away with by a pair of frightened horses, shouted, "I'll leave my wife $10,000—no time to make a will." He is still alive, but badly bruised.

A citizen of Gosport, Maine, the other night mistook his wife's yeast bottle for his favorite "little brown jug," and took "a long pull and a stong pull" therefrom. He is now regarded as a rising man.

A minister recently was condoling with a father who had lost a son by death, when the father replied, "I was uncommon sorry to lose the boy, but there's no use crying over spilled milk."

An old lady gave this as her idea of a great man: "One who is keerful of his clothes, don't drink sperits, kin read the Bible without spelling the words, and eat a cold dinner on wash-day without grumbling."

"Mr. Speaker," said a member of the Jamaica Legislature, discussing a bill for the regulation of the timber trade, "I know these timber merchants to be most egregious rascals—I was in the timber line myself twelve years."

"Why is there no cream on this milk, George?" said an under-graduate to his "scout" at Cambridge. "Stir it up, Sir," was the reply. "It sinks to the bottom."

"What stars never set?" asked the examiner. "Roost-ars!" was the prompt reply, *sub voce.*

Why is the alphabet like cutting the first teeth?—Because it is taught ye (torture) when young.

Why is a drunkard, hesitating to sign the pledge, like a half-converted Hindoo?—Because he is in doubt whether to give up the jug or not (Juggernaut).

OLD SCHOOL-MASTER'S SONG.

Amo amas,
I love a lass,
As cedar tall and slender;
Sweet cowslip's grace
Is her nomitive case,
And she's of the feminine gender.
Rorum corum
Sunt livorum,
Harum scarum divo.
Tag, rag, merry, derry, periwig and hat-band,
Hic, hoc, horum, genitivo.

This is the way a Troy reporter congratulated a friend on his marriage:

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of life,
Rashly importunate,
Taken a wife."

Why didn't he say:

"One more unfortunate,
Weary and troubled,
Rashly importunate,
Gone and got doubled?"

Jenks says that a pawnbroker's office must be a *loan some* place.

The best Season for Leap-year Parties—Spring.

WHAT H—— G—— KNOWS ABOUT BAILING.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

There are few objects more wonderful than the nests of birds. You may find them on every tree in the country, and yet find something to admire in every one. No two families of birds build exactly alike. All the wrens, for instance, have their own kind of nest; the thrushes have theirs; so have the swallow tribes, the sparrow, and the rooks. They do not imitate each other. Each adheres to its own plan, and builds to-day exactly as it first built in the groves of Paradise. The first nightingale that sang its song of praise in the fair Garden of God built its little nest just the same as the bird you were listening to in the grove last year.

These little feathered architects work with marvelous skill, using their feet and bill to weave and interlace the materials, and moulding the form against their round little breast. No sooner is the home wanted than the mother bird selects the angle of the branch, or the hollow in the bank or wall, or the tangle of reeds, or the platform of twigs in the very tree-top, which is best suited to her style of nest architecture, the choice being always the same according to her tribe, and true to the instinct which was implanted in her at the first. Then the building begins. The pair—for the father bird condescends to assist—select dry grass or leaves, little twigs and root fibres, hair or down, to lay the foundation and build up the sides. The outside is frequently spangled with lichen, or embroidered with green moss, which, by its resemblance to the tree trunk, helps to conceal the little structure from prying eyes. Or it may be that the tenement is built of clay, like that of the swallow; or lath and plaster, so to speak, like an old country house, as in the case of the magpie; or it is merely a rude platform of sticks, as that of the wood-pigeon. The bird may be a carpenter, like the woodpecker, or a tunneler, like the sand-martin.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

The mother bird does the building, while her mate fetches the material, grasses, roots, mosses, etc.; and she arranges all with loving reference, first, to the delicate egg, which must be bedded in soft material; then to the little one, which, coming naked from the egg, must not only be cradled in soft comfort, but kept alive by her warmth; and the master of the little house selects all the material with unerring instinct. He knows just what is wanted to make a perfect nest.

THE BIRD'S APPEAL.—[See Poem on Page 330.]

THE BIRD'S APPEAL.

[See Illustration on Page 329.]

"Little girl, with golden hair,
Listen to a poor bird's prayer;
Boy, with brow of careless glee,
Do not scorn a mother's plea.

"Do not steal my nest, so neat,
And my baby birds, so sweet;
What know you of all they need,
How to warm, or how to feed?

"Boy and girl, your mother oft
Strokes your brow with fingers soft;
She loves *you*, as I love *these*;
Do bring back my darlings, *please*.

"Hard we worked, my mate and I;
Many a sunny morn went by;
But we rested not, nor played,
Till our cozy home was made.

"Then what songs my partner sung
While I brooded o'er the young;
What long flights o'er vale and hill
We have had their mouths to fill.

"Show us mercy—you are strong—
Do not such a cruel wrong,
Lest yourself may vainly plead
For the mercy you may need."

* * * * * * *

The children sauntered home, the bird
Kept near them all the way;
But in their hearts no pity stirred
For birdie's grief that day.

They had not learned that love should be
To all dumb creatures shown;
That God does all their suffering see,
And hears each painful moan.

They went in-doors, and left their prize,
Uncared for, on the floor,
And birdie heard her nestlings' cries
Outside the cottage door.

In vain she longed to bring them food,
Or warm them with her wing—
She never more would nurse her brood,
Nor hear her kind mate sing.

The cold night wind around her swept,
Sick, hungry, sad, and sore;
While safe the cottage children slept,
She died outside the door.

Dear children, 'tis a cruel thing,
And very wicked too,
To rob or hurt a living thing
That does no harm to you.

HOW I MARRIED THE CAPTAIN.

I had never had an adventure. I think most people counted me a very quiet girl, drifted like a sea-shell into a corner of the great world. The tides passed over my head; there was shipwreck and disaster; there was sailing out of argosies; there was dancing and music among the voyagers; but nothing surged me up out of my sea-swept niche. Poor Elizabeth Grey! I said aloud, will the tide ever reach you?

All this sea-talk, I think, grew out of the little pink dress I was sewing on that morning. Rosy Fox was going to Europe, and this was one of a dozen or two tiny dresses I had made for her. Going to Europe! Rosy—a little prattling thing that didn't yet know one street from another in her native city. What would *she* do in Europe—what would Europe do for her? But for me the very thought seemed like a glimpse of heaven—a sweet, forbidden glimpse; for what had I to do with change, or pleasure, or excitement?

A seamstress, orderly, exemplary—an orphan who had decently buried her mother, and who creditably supported her little brother at school—such was my brief outward record.

This morning a strange restlessness beset me; an unaccountable yearning, like a wooing whiff of ocean air, beckoned me away. Why should I stay and vegetate in one spot forever? Could I not earn my living elsewhere as well as here? Did not folks use needles in Kamtchatka and in New Zealand? Could I not take my sewing to another market?

The thought stood on the verge of my mind, hovering, timorous, unreal, its wing poised for flight. I had no money. The vision vanished, and in the gray after-light my path looked dustier, darker, more straitened than ever.

But this was not to be a day like other days. It stands apart in my memory now, illuminating that whole year, as I have seen a clump of cardinal-flowers illumine a whole gray meadow.

A knock came at the open door of my room, and it was flung back sharp and suddenly. Very few visitors ever climbed to my little third-story apartment; seldom any one but testy Madame Padwelle, for whom I worked. This could not be the madame's footfall, so heavy and brisk. I looked up, and there stood Captain David, my mother's old friend.

A tall, big-boned, grizzled man, quick, decided, and full of vigor as a Northern pine, with a flavor of old-time quaintness about him—a thrifty, well-to-do man, whose ship had carried freight into almost every port on the globe, but chiefly to the West Indies.

I had not seen the captain since I was a little girl, but I knew his face and figure instantly. The tall hat he wore when in land-man's rig, the red bandana he flourished, were things of memory. Many an odd sea-shell had he brought me, and many a dainty from far-off lands had shown his remembrance of my mother. His sharp gray eye was full of a kindly humanity: I remembered that eye, and how it had stood to me in childhood for illimitable geographical knowledge, glimpses of polar seas, and fathomless waters, and all the unspeakable mysteries of the unknown world.

"Well, my little girl, how's all the folks?" said the captain, taking off his steeple-crowned hat as he entered.

The familiar voice, the hearty grasp of his muscular hand, took me back to my girlhood again; for an instant it seemed as if my mother were living, and all the weight of care and loneliness were lifted from my shoulders. Only an instant. The tears gathered in my eyes, and I said, abruptly,

"There are no folks, captain."

The captain's countenance fell. He seemed inwardly to reprove himself for his hasty pleasantry, recollecting that this was the time for conventional solemnity. Seating himself with gingerly care on one of my slim-legged chairs, he wiped his forehead with his red bandana.

"I know, I know," he said, uneasily. "I mean—how's Jim?" with a hasty clutch at the name, as if to save himself from further mishap.

"Oh," said I, cheerfully, anxious to put him at his ease, "Jim's doing famously. He'll take the prize in languages at his school next year."

"And you are working yourself to death to stuff the lad with Greek and Latin?"

I fell to laughing. "No, captain, not exactly. But Jim's too smart and too good to be kept in the city, and I have to be away so much of the time sewing."

"You look like it," said the captain, gruffly. "What do you live on? Shirts at sixpence apiece?"

"No, indeed!" I cried, indignantly. "I sew on pretty things—robes and dresses; see this!" and I held up Rosy's pretty pink dress. It glowed in the sunshine, its flounces and frillings trembling about like a superabundant growth of petals.

The captain eyed it approvingly. "Pretty enough," he said. "It's got all your color in it, my little girl."

It was long since I had heard any one express kindly interest in me, and the words thrilled me with a strange feeling, intense, exquisite, allied to pain.

"You ought to have a change of air," said the captain, seeing I made no answer.

The pretty dress seemed freighted with the visions I had had while making it. Rosy glimpses out of the matter-of-course drudgery, the dingy and ashen hue of my habitual life, opened out of its folds.

"Captain," said I, abruptly, as I laid it carefully away, "how much does it cost to go to the West Indies?"

"By steam?"

"No; in your ship."

"Oh," said the captain, "I'm not fitted up for passengers. A tight little craft enough, but only to carry freight. Why? Know any one going?"

"I am. Captain, let me be freight. Stow me away in the hatch or any where, only let me go! See, I have thirty dollars to pay my passage;" and I held up my purse. "Jim's quarter's all paid too!"

"The money's an immense temptation," said the captain, eying the slim purse humorously—"immense. I might lay by on it after one or two more voyages."

"And, captain, you know I've a cousin out there somewhere—an engineer or something on a plantation."

"Ay, that way blows the wind, does it? Well, well, my child, I'll think about it. It might do you no harm, and, as you say, you might marry the engineer when you find him."

"Now, captain, you know I never said that!"

"No? Well, it puts a bit of color into your cheeks, Lisbeth, and that's a good thing to see, however it comes. I'll think about it, child. It's poor traveling in a freight vessel, but many's the trip the wife and I took together when she was living."

Long ago the captain had lost his young wife, a year or two after their marriage. I had never seen her; but the captain's faithful remembrance of her was pleasant. She was a sort of saintly recollection to him, brightening and sweetening his rude life, and keeping her niche in his heart forever.

Three days passed. I waited, I sewed, I pricked my fingers perhaps a little more than usual; I looked out of the window possibly a little oftener. Madame Padwelle scolded me, Madame Padwelle coaxed me, and finally, in a huff, madame paid me up and left, severely intimating that she would be glad to employ me again when I "felt like work."

Then came the captain.

"Well?" queried I.

"Well," answered he, "you'll find it close quarters and a pretty hot voyage; but there's deck room."

Deck room! It was just the one thing I wanted—and then I knew that the captain had consented.

I shall not tell you much about that voyage. It stands yet in my mind in the same relation as a dream—vague, without sharpness of outline, with no separation of periods of time; one big, bountiful remembrance of a season of infinite rest, when, adrift between air and ocean, I seemed without bodily entity; for the things that had marked my identity hitherto had been, but were no longer.

I was not seasick. A strange, vision-like sensation wrapped me about, a faintness as of a spirit coming newly to life in a new world, having left the old incumbrance of the flesh, with the old cares, far away on the far-away shore.

There was nothing to do—that is, nothing for me to do—no living to get, no exertion to make. I seemed an atom in the great sea of sky and water; the great Good was taking care of me, and the great ocean clasping me in its infinite arms of peace.

I was treated like a lady—a rare and delicious thing to one inured to hard usage and to earning her bread in a big bustling city. When the intense heat made me ill, and the rosy-cheeked mate's wife, who had been my companion hitherto, succumbed to it also, the captain took care of me himself. Sometimes he carried me in his strong arms up to the hammock swinging on deck; sometimes he brought me with his own brawny, kindly hand my bowl of water-gruel. At odd times, when nothing else called him, he furbished up his rusty stock of schooling, and read me some queer old sea-story resurrected from the depths of his big wooden chest. Rough, brown, and burly, the sailors were all my friends; they touched their caps to me; they pointed out the dolphins and porpoises, and scared me with the prospect of whales or imaginary sharks. Their dark faces and sturdy forms made a solid background to my dream-land, and gave it a picturesque touch of reality.

But by-and-by all this came to an end. Out of the dream-land voyage we sailed into dream-land itself.

One morning I went up on deck and, behold! the gates of paradise seemed open to me.

The vessel lay anchored in a lovely harbor. Sapphire-blue shone the water, edged where it touched the beach with a line of lace-like foam. Beyond rose hill above hill, crowned with glowing foliage and arched by the azure sky.

At the foot of these hills clustered a group of long, low, flat-roofed buildings, unlike any I had ever seen. They seemed to have grown out of the same soil that nourished the cocoa and palm waving above them. Intense color, vivid, jewel-like, shone every where about me. I rubbed my eyes. My last glimpse of land had been the gray and busy shores of New York. Had I, indeed, passed out of my dim and cobwebbed life into the "glory that should be revealed?"

A strange, melodious jargon greeted my ears; a musical "carambo!" hissed between the teeth. This could hardly be the accent of seraph. Looking down, I saw a fleet of gayly painted boats, from which a throng of red, half-naked islanders climbed like monkeys up the sides of the ship. They gesticulated, they chattered, they hurried agile about the ship, chattering their delicious Spanish—a mellifluous cornucopia of vowels without angles, without sharpness—the living expression of the strange scene upon which I had fallen.

"Porto Rico!" said Captain David, as he passed busily on his way.

But busy as the captain was, he had not forgotten me. Before night-fall a snug little "casa," owned by a kindly Spanish woman, received me. A quiet place a little way beyond the busy town; white floors, vast rooms open to the roof, with here and there in wide perspective a chair, a table, a flower-wreathed niche for the Virgin. Such was my new home.

Though apart from the town, it was not isolated. Past its windows, whose jalousies only veiled, but did not hide, the outer world, drifted daily the characteristic sights of a tropic town. Overladen mules and sleepy Spanish ponies, bearing panniers of fruit—oranges, bananas, mammee-apples, and I know not what of shining and nameless things—moved leisurely down to the quay bestrode by sullen slaves, their dark faces set off by now and then a scarlet vest or a great overshadowing "sombrero;" or a lazy, half-naked native loitered by with a picturesque load of dried plantain leaves for thatching his mountain hut, where he lived free, independent, and, in his expressive phrase, "solemnly poor."

My landlady, the Señora Marie, was a great, motherly, kind-hearted woman, a widow with a brood of olive-skinned, wild-eyed little ones to look after. For them she was very ambitious; for their sakes she made the dainty "patés" of guava and cocoa-nut, which her slave Liza took down to market, poising them on her head after the ancient fashion, which is the only fashion of things in Porto Rico; for their sakes she rented the pleasant rooms in her casa to whomsoever the tides and winds brought her from sea; and for their sakes, no doubt, had she been an American woman, she would have set herself to active industry and labored "diligently with her hands." As it was, she cared for them and planned for them after her own sort, and loved them hugely. She listened delighted while they clustered round me, chattering their dainty lingo, wondering over my light locks, my foreign dress, and coaxing me with a winning witchery to talk to them in English.

Sometimes the captain dropped in upon us; he was taking in cargo. Great hogsheads of sugar must have been a load on his mind, but he found room for me also. Sometimes he took me out before sunrise for a stroll on the hills. Sometimes we rode on horseback to some distant sugar plantation, or we visited some oleander-hid hacienda whose owner he knew. I was getting along famously, he said; the señora had told him with all her fingers, eyes, and tongue how she liked me, how golden my hair was, and how I got on with the children. Would I like to live in Porto Rico?

Oh, I liked it unspeakably! The red soil, the hills, the straggling roads, the cocoa-trees, the far sugar-cane plantations with their tall chimneys looming against the sky; it was all beautiful—even this lazy life that lived itself without effort, and seemed to put to shame the busy, undignified scramble we had called existence.

"I love it all, captain!" I exclaimed.

"Well," said the captain, laughing, "we must hunt up our engineer and see what can be done about it."

But Señora Marie had a new idea.

"The little señorita is happy here; doubtless some of her people long ago were Spanish, eh? She tells me she is not rich—money no mucho, eh? Let her stay with me in my casa; I will give her plenty mucho to eat and to wear; I will take her to my friends. They have haciendas, plantations, plenty slaves. She shall teach the children and be happy. Eh, what say you, señor capitan?"

Señor capitan said nothing for some time. He wiped his forehead with his red bandana; he looked over at me with a searching glance; he knit his brows. Finally he rose in his abrupt fashion. "She might do worse," he said, and betook himself to his ship.

The hot day grew hotter and hotter; it flamed to a close; it died with gorgeous burning behind the hills; the sudden blackness of tropic night came on; but he did not come again.

I lay awake long that night listening to the wash of the surf on the distant shore, and hearing the lonely cry of the watchman calling out the hour in the solitary streets of the town. How strange it would be to grow familiar with all these things, and live in this strange land forever!

I said nothing more to Señora Marie about her proposition. People in these islands are in no such haste for a decision. Perhaps I should gratefully accept it at last. Perhaps I had miscalculated the captain's kindness—it might not pay him to carry me back. And what did I want to go back to? To the struggle for bread again? To the narrow room under the roof—to the narrow life of penury? Here I was rich, or might be; even the poorest here had his plantain hut and his patch of banana.

Yet something in me ached at the thought that the good ship with its tidy cabin, its kindly captain and crew, would go out from me, sailing through the mists of the great ocean, and leave me drifted among the palms and cocoas, a worthless, unmissed thing, not worth taking home.

I tried to be sensible, to look the matter in the face, and to rejoice that fate had provided for me so unexpectedly. And when day after day passed I began to think that the captain had regarded the thing as final, and after his sailor fashion had departed without even an adieu. I had seen him conclude a bargain in just such brief manner.

Restless and weary with a long night of wakefulness, I rose one morning early and set out for the shore. Early though it was, however, none of our household being astir, I found the tropic world awake before me; along the road to the harbor wagon after wagon, laden with sugar hogsheads and drawn by rough, savage-looking bulls or unkempt oxen, were passing on their way to the wharf.

Etiquette in the West Indies does not allow a lady to be seen abroad unattended, so, hastily clambering up the hill-side bordering the road, I sought a narrow, sheltered path I knew of, which, crawling among the scraggy bushes, kept its difficult way to the river.

Weary with my exertions, I sat down a moment to rest. Just here, at the turn of the path, an opening through wood and rising hill gave glimpse of the ocean, with here and there the faint tracing of mast and sail, as from the far outer world an occasional ship sought harbor.

As I sat there, leaning my head on my hand, I believe I felt the first touch of homesickness I had ever known. At least my little room at home was shaded and quiet; at least its poverty and nakedness were not displayed on the roadside. Here was I with my dream all ended, even in the midst of my dreaming. Above me palm and tamarind feathered the sky, the jewel-shine of tropic leaf and flower, splendor, color every where, and I alone gray, solitary, and cold.

Absorbed in thought, I know not how long I sat. A quick step startled me. It was not a native step; no native sets his foot down as if it were of the slightest importance when he lifted it again. There was meaning and energy in this footfall, and I hastily rose to face the intruder. It was my gray, sturdy, faithful captain.

"Well, my little girl!" cried the hearty, familiar voice; "how's this? Out here alone this time o' day? The women folks will all be down upon you for breaking rules."

"I—I thought you had sailed," was my reply, as I burst into tears in spite of myself.

Whereat the captain burst into that honest, friendly laugh of his, which seemed so thoroughly to set aside trouble and difficulty, shredding them like so many cobwebs.

"Well, well!" he said; "well, well, well!"

Which was his sole comment.

Taking my hand under his arm, he drew me away from the path, up toward the level of the hill, where a little breeze stirred slumbrously, and a solitary lake, shut in with foliage of bamboo and clambering vine, cooled the air.

"Rest here a bit, and wipe your eyes," said the captain, spreading his red handkerchief on the ground for me to sit on. "I am on my way to Señora Marie's to breakfast, but there's no hurry. Neither she nor all her lazy slaves can get it ready before twelve o'clock, you know." He looked at his watch with seaman's exactitude, and sitting down beside me, opened his great umbrella over my head to shut out the sun. I felt sheltered and comforted.

"So you thought I had sailed, Lisbeth?" he said. "You must have a high opinion of your poor old captain's good manners!"

The tears welled to my eyes again. I could not answer.

"Tut, tut!" said my companion, cheerily. "You must not be so down-hearted, Lisbeth, when Mrs. Marie has taken so kindly to you. But you'll get on better when the ship's fairly out of sight. You'll feel more settled."

"If you were here," I broke forth.

"Oh, what do you want of me? You'll be with the young señors and señoritas, and all the rest of it. They will treat you like a princess.

I'm no company for such. They don't want an old sea-dog like me."

Always from my childhood the captain had come and gone out of my life like a myth; his ship waited in the harbor; he had wings; he was not like any one else. And for this reason his going from me now seemed to shut me away forever out of sight into a living death. Something of this I muttered incoherently, clinging to him as though he might vanish while I wept.

The captain stooped and looked into my excited face; his gray scintillating eye shot a strange ray into mine.

"Umph!" he said, fanning himself with his great sombrero. "It's hot; there's not a breath stirring, and it only ten in the morning."

There was silence for a moment—a tropic silence, unbroken by chirp of bird or fall of leaf. My eyes followed the far glimpse of the ocean, with the occasional sail heading toward the harbor.

"You like ships, Lisbeth?" said the captain.

"I love them!" I cried, with enthusiasm.

"Just so, just so. You like things with a will; but, my little girl, if you expend so much feeling on every thing, what will you have for some good man when he asks you to like him?"

"That would be different." My voice shook.

"What would be different?" said the captain, turning suddenly and harshly upon me. "Lisbeth," he said, more softly, laying his great brown hand on my arm, "you know I mean to be your friend. I want you to remember that after I am gone. If any trouble comes to you, you know where to write; yet, after all, it will be strange to sail away without my little girl."

I could make no reply.

"I wish the wife was here," said the captain, with a troubled voice; "*she* would tell me what to do."

"There is nothing to do, captain; you have done all you could for me."

"You must hunt up that engineer, Lisbeth." The captain was feeling in the depths of his fathomless pockets for an extra handkerchief as he uttered this jest; but I saw a tear wander down over the bridge of his nose before he could find it.

"I don't want to hear that joke again!" I cried, angrily. "I mean to live alone. I don't want any help from any body."

"Softly there, my girl, softly!" was the answer; "you do not know what you are saying. It's a hard shift to live alone: I have found it so, roving old dog though I am. Do not say that you will live alone, Lisbeth; rather than that, I would even ask you to marry an old fellow like me!"

What I said then I do not know, what I did I do not remember. Like one rescued from shipwreck, I looked into the face of my friend, and thanked God.

And so it came about that we two were wed. There is a little chapel down by the water in that far island, a tiny chapel without seats, and with a dim flicker of tapers burning before the shrine of the Virgin. There one morning, before the sun was up, and before the ship spread her homeward sails in the harbor, a wandering priest read the marriage service over two strangers, while the stout señora and her dark-eyed little ones stood in a hushed group looking on, and Liza looked in at the doorway with her finger on her lips.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The interest in the subject of pisciculture continues to grow in the United States, and we take great pleasure in chronicling the appointment by the Governor of Alabama of three commissioners, whose duty it is to report to the Legislature upon the best methods of increasing the fish supply. In the preliminary report before us reference is made to the efforts of Colonel William Penn Yonge in the raising of fish since 1854, his pond at the present time being stocked with the finest varieties, including "trout, suckers, and perch," some of the first named weighing as much as ten pounds. Under the name of "trout" we presume reference is made to the black bass, which, we believe, in most of the Southern States bears that appellation. A brook trout of ten pounds' weight in Alabama would be a greater curiosity even than one reaching that size in the head waters of the Androscoggin, in the region controlled by the Oquassa Fishing Association.

A preliminary report upon the hot springs, geysers, and mud springs of the Yellow Stone and Fire Hole-rivers has been presented by Dr. Hayden in the February and March numbers of the *American Journal of Science*, in which are reproduced quite a number of the illustrations prepared for his official report, which will probably appear before long.

The popular interest attaching to this wonderful region, first visited in 1870 by Governor Langford, Lieutenant Doane, and others, and then more thoroughly explored in 1871 by Dr. Hayden and General Barlow, continues unabated; and the prompt passage of a law by Congress, reserving this tract for a national park about sixty by fifty miles in extent, and embracing all the principal geysers, mud springs, etc., is a subject for congratulation; as, under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, there is no doubt that such regulations will be established as will secure to the people of the country the right of free access to these wonders of nature, unrestricted by such charges and exactions as now render Niagara Falls a by-word and reproach.

Among other collections made by Professor Marsh during his explorations in 1871 were additional specimens of the pterodactyl, first obtained in 1870. Portions of five individuals were procured; and among them nearly all the bones of the right wing of one, which exhibited the pterodactyl structure in its perfection.

The teeth found with the other remains were somewhat similar to those of the pterodactyls of the cretaceous of England, being smooth, compressed, elliptical, and somewhat curved. A second species, still larger than the other, was obtained in the upper cretaceous, near the Smoky River, in Western Kansas. The expanse between the tips of the fully extended wings was probably as much as twenty-two feet.

In all, Professor Marsh has determined the existence of three species from the same region, and which he characterizes in advance sheets of the April number of the *Journal of Science*. In the same journal Professor Marsh refers to the interesting discovery that the body of mosasauroid reptiles was probably covered with plates, as in some crocodiles, the head itself being smooth. This fact has been ascertained in regard to specimens of all the American genera, so that probably all the species possessed it.

A valuable report, prepared by Mr. R. D. Cutts, of the United States Coast Survey, upon commerce in the products of the sea, has just been published by the Senate, and is considered a valuable contribution to the statistics of the fisheries of our own country and of the rest of the world. In this the different marketable products are described in detail, and the relative rank which they occupy in commerce indicated. In addition to this, there is given the area, population, most important ports, and commercial tonnage of the principal nations of the world; the imports and exports of the products of the sea; showing the capacity of the markets and the countries supplied; and also the catch, consumption, and balance of trade, from official statistics.

This report was prepared in 1869 by request of the Secretary of State, and transmitted in February of that year, but the order to print was not made until a few weeks ago.

A dealer in Washington not long since found a large number of the oysters from a certain region in Chesapeake Bay with the gills of a decidedly green color, and on this account they were considered unmarketable. Specimens of these were sent for examination to the Army Medical Museum, where they were examined microscopically by Dr. J. J. Woodward, who found nothing abnormal whatever in the way of fungus growth, or as indicating the presence of parasites, or any form of disease.

They were then submitted to the chemical investigation of Dr. Craig, the chemist of the establishment, and on testing them by means of the spectroscope minute traces of copper were detected, but not in sufficient quantity to account for the color, nor to indicate danger from this source. The green color of oysters is by no means unusual in other parts of the world, especially in Europe, and there it is not considered as suggesting a condition of the animals injurious to the health of those who eat them. Indeed, the Marennes oysters owe their reputation to this particular quality.

Some time in the summer of 1871 it was stated that Mr. Octave Pavé, a young Louisiana Frenchman, had started toward the north pole by way of Siberia and Wrangell's Land, and that, in the absence of news from him, the assistance of the Siberian government had been invoked, in consequence of grave fears for his safety. It now appears that he has not yet started on his mission, but is to sail from San Francisco in May for Kamtchatka, where he will take in supplies, and proceed to Cape Yakan, on the northeast coast of Siberia. Here the vessel is to be abandoned, and a further exploration attempted on an India rubber raft, composed of four rubber cylinders fastened together on the decks by wooden slats, to which the masts and rigging are attached. It is intended to head, after leaving Cape Yakan, for Wrangell's Land, a large island discovered by Captain Long in 1867. This being reached, the island is to be crossed on sledges; and if an open sea occur beyond, he is to take the raft again and endeavor to sail to Greenland or Spitzbergen. The entire enterprise is conducted at the expense of the traveler; and however hazardous or chimerical the plan may be, we can not but wish him success in his movements.

According to the Sydney *Herald*, the schooner *Surprise* has lately made a visit to the coast of New Guinea, penetrating fifteen miles up the Manoa River. Contrary to the general impression, the natives, who were hitherto supposed to be ferocious in their character and opposed to the visits of strangers, were found to be mild and gentle in disposition. They were of the Malay stock, and had never seen white people before. On the departure of the schooner, under Captain Paget, they exhibited every demonstration of sorrow, the women weeping and the men accompanying the party to a considerable distance.

The latest intelligence from Professor Huxley is to the effect that his health has been greatly renovated by the pure air of Upper Egypt.

No person in the United States, perhaps, occupies a higher position in the esteem of his colleagues as a man of science than Professor Dana, of New Haven, while to those who enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance he is the exemplar of all that is excellent for his personal qualities. Occupying, as he has for many years, the position of co-editor of the *American Journal of Science*, the leading organ of scientific investigators in the United States, he has been brought into communication with more than one generation of workers, and inspires all with the same feeling of regard and affection.

It is, therefore, with no little gratification that his friends and admirers have seen the announcement that the Wollaston Gold Medal, in charge of the Geological Society of London, has just been conferred upon him; and the remarks made by the president, Mr. Prestwich, in transmitting the medal, can not be considered as exaggerated when he says that Professor Dana enjoys the rare honor of having prosecuted original investigations in such totally dissimilar departments of science as zoology and mineralogy, and as having taken rank with the first specialists in both departments; his principal works in the one being contained in several huge volumes, treating of the crustacea and corals, published in the reports of the United States exploring expedition, and in the other consisting of his treatise on mineralogy, which has gone through several editions. His manual on geology, which perhaps occupies an intermediate position between the two divisions of his labors, is equally excellent, and is a standard text-book throughout the world.

Dr. A. B. Granville, a prominent member of the Royal Society of London, died on the 3d of March, at the age of eighty-eight. He was one of the oldest "Fellows" of the Society, having been elected in 1817, and was likewise a member of a large number of learned societies at home and abroad.

The chief of the Virginia oyster police has just made his report for 1871 to the State Legislature, in which it is stated that only the sounds of Tangier and Pocomoke are subject to dredging, and that these, exclusive of the river and creeks, cover an area of 9740 acres. It is now recommended that dredging in them be prohibited for a certain period. The rest of the Chesapeake, exclusive of rivers and creeks, covers an area of nearly 435,000 acres, averaging some six fathoms in depth. On this dredging is interdicted, the oystering being done only with tongs. The commodore advises that dredging be allowed in the Chesapeake, except Tangier and Pocomoke sounds, especially as this operation in proper amount is beneficial to the fisheries instead of injurious, as is maintained also by Mr. Davidson, the commissioner of Maryland. The close season, as suggested, should be from the 15th of May till the 1st of October.

AN ALMS BASIN.

On page 324 we give a picture of the beautiful alms basin to be presented to the Church of England by the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. This elegant piece of workmanship was manufactured by Messrs. Samuel Kirk & Son, Baltimore.

It is of pure silver, is twenty-two inches in diameter, and weighs one hundred and twenty-seven ounces. The form is circular, with a concavity in the middle running to a mound at the centre, upon which a representation of the hemispheres in finely wrought raised work is made, showing with great accuracy mountains, valleys, rivers, and the small islands of the sea, where the missionary ship is seen sailing from England to America, and on a scroll underneath is an appropriate inscription in Latin. Around this, between two heavy raised lines, is another inscription, in Greek characters, in bold relief, referring to the six great councils of the Church. From underneath this springs a beautiful foliage of oak, maple, and palmetto leaves. The oak and acorns, as well as the centre piece, are of gold, and the undergrowth of maple and palmetto of silver, in rich and beautiful contrast. The edge of the basin, four inches wide, bears the jewels of our own country, with the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Nearer the outer edge is the threefold cord of union.

On the back is the inscription, "To the Mother Church of England, by the apostolic hands of the Right Reverend George Augustus Selwyn, by the grace of God Bishop of Lichfield, messenger and promoter of peace and good-will, this testimonial of filial piety is presented by American sons."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Washington is a famous place for *gossip*. It is the chief business of scores of people at the capital to gather up the little fragments that would otherwise fall unnoticed into obscurity and retail them to the public. If there are no fragments to be found except those already in the baskets, it makes no difference—with some inventive brains: they easily manufacture some. That is the difficulty in a place abounding with gossip about public men and their families—to separate the fictitious from the true. Fictitious gossip may not be inadmissible, provided it is kindly, and so discriminately prepared that both its humor and fiction are apparent. But it is generally safest to deal in the genuine article, provided one can decide what that is.

Every personal habit of prominent men, from the President down, is considered fair subject for comment—a necessary evil, this, perhaps, but a most uncomfortable one for sensitive people, if any one who battles in the arena of political life can be supposed to retain a modicum of sensitiveness. How they dress, and eat, and speak, and recreate; how many cigars they smoke, what wine they drink, and how late they sit up at night; whether they are lazy or industrious, quick-tempered or moderate, and how often they drive or walk—these and scores of similar things are regarded as public property. And speaking of *exercise* reminds us of some little items we have recently heard regarding the habits of certain prominent men in this respect. President Grant, it is said, takes a solitary walk regularly every day, graduating the length of his walk by the length of his cigar. Mr. Colfax takes as much exercise as possible in rapid walking about Washington. Mr. Boutwell is believed to rely chiefly on billiards for exercise, being very fond of that game. Senator Schurz has the plan of resolutely walking the whole distance to his house, about two miles from the Capitol, both going and returning. Senator Sumner takes scarcely any exercise. In pleasant weather Chief Justice Chase walks in from his country home, "Edgewood," two and a half miles from the Capitol.

The Japanese navy is undergoing great changes, corresponding in importance to other changes going on in that country. Several new men-of-war have been added to the service. One of these, completed in England not long ago, will soon sail for America, being the first vessel of that description which has ever left Japan for a foreign port.

In the ancient city of Erfurt stands the Augustine monastery in which Martin Luther lived and conceived his first idea of a reformation, it being converted at present into an orphan asylum. A fire recently destroyed the most interesting part of the building, in which was Luther's cell, and also the room where he first gave shape to his great scheme. In these rooms, which have been shown to strangers as curiosities, Luther's Bible, with marginal notes in his own handwriting, was kept, together with the painting, "Death's Dance," by Beck, and other valuable relics. All of these have been burned. The pecuniary damage is estimated at about 60,000 thalers; the historical loss is incalculable.

Washington is exerting itself to get up another carnival, to be held in the month of May. The carnival of last year was regarded as a great success, attracting thousands of visitors to the capital. The broad avenues of Washington certainly are remarkably well adapted to displays of this character; but it would be desirable to put some of them in comfortable order before soliciting visits from strangers. One of the strongest impressions a visitor to our national capital receives is that all the streets are upturned. And nothing seems to be doing to put them in order; they remain *in statu quo*. This state of affairs arises from *investigations*. Every thing and every body undergoes *investigation* nowadays. It is the fashion, particularly at Washington. Meanwhile when it rains the people stick in the mud, and when it does not rain they are blinded by dust.

All Genoa honored the great Italian, Mazzini, by attending his funeral. The crowd was immense—one journal states the number to be 80,000. It was doubtful at first whether Mazzini would be buried at Genoa or Pisa. The mother of Mazzini was interred in a cemetery about three miles from Genoa, and all the town followed the funeral cortége in honor of the illustrious lady. It being found afterward that no stone marked the sacred resting-place, Madame Venturi—herself an artist who had painted a portrait of the lady—interested herself to put up some tomb over the spot. Mazzini accepted this tribute from his English friends, but insisted himself upon buying the ground. It afterward cost Madame Venturi fifty visits to Italian officials before this little business of affection could be completed. At last the tomb was erected in the night, and was found afterward by casual visitors to the cemetery to be in its place.

"Dramas to right of her,
Dramas to left of her,
Dramas in front of her
Stumbled and blundered.
Round the tragedienne
Swarmed the Three Hundred."

The above parody is suggested by a London paper in view of the fact that when Mrs. Scott-Siddons was recently to make her appearance at the Queen's Theatre, upward of three hundred dramas were submitted to her from which she was to make a selection.

A curious and valuable souvenir of President Lincoln is now in possession of Mr. Fell, a gentleman of Normal, Illinois. When it was first suggested to Mr. Lincoln that he might become an available Republican candidate for the Presidency he was wholly unwilling to believe that his name would come prominently before the nominating convention. He was, however, requested to write a brief sketch of himself, and an accurate statement of his points as a candidate. After repeated solicitations Mr. Lincoln responded to this request, and sent a brief manuscript to Mr. Fell, with no expectation that it would ever be seen by any but his friendly eye. The manuscript was plainly written "off-hand," and the language such as he would have used to a friend in private conversation. For instance, he says of his parents: "They were both born in Virginia of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say." And in speaking of his early education he says: "There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard." The manuscript closes with the following characteristic sentence: "If any personal description of me is thought desirable it may be said, I am in height six feet four inches nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average 180 pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes; no other marks or brands recollected."

An interesting memento of the late Professor Morse is a large historical painting which hangs in the Mayor's office at the Charlestown (Massachusetts) City Hall. It has no special artistic merit, and when it was discovered among the rubbish of the old City Hall a couple of years ago there was some discussion as to what it intended to represent. Professor Morse's name having been found upon the back of the canvas, a letter of inquiry was written to him. His reply was a very interesting letter, giving some pleasant personal details. The picture, it seems, was the "Landing of the Pilgrims," and was painted by Professor Morse at the age of nineteen, and his first effort at historical painting.

It might not be amiss for us to follow the example of England in some particulars. In all the prominent cities of England public analyzers of sugar and milk are to be appointed by law. Any purchaser may have an article examined by paying a small fee. The penalty of adulterating food or drugs is to be a fine of $250 for the first offense, and imprisonment at hard labor for six months for the second.

Mrs. O'Leary's cow will never be allowed to retire to private life again. She must pay the penalty of notoriety. A Western paper, whose reliability we would not question, informs us that a company has been formed to manufacture court-house bells out of the material of the bell lately worn by Mrs. O'Leary's cow; that the bell has been secured, and is now on exhibition at a saloon in Chicago; and it is believed, if the metal is properly utilized, there is enough in it to make a bell for every court-house in America, and then have the original bell left for Mrs. O'Leary. Moreover, that the Mayor of Chicago will furnish a certificate that every bell furnished is genuine, and will, in fact, show the cow from which it was taken. The Chicago *Post* says that the assessment upon the property where the fire originated was ten dollars, but in consideration of the distinguished greatness thrust upon Chicago by the hind-leg of the lady's cow, and under the operations of the rebate act, a deduction of one dollar was made. Some facetious clerk in the office of the Commissioner of Taxes illuminated the lady's rebate paper. He drew the cow with the crumpled heel that shattered the lamp. A life-like expression was given to the heel, which, Mrs. O'Leary declared, was just such another heel as the poor dead-and-gone cow herself had. The lady herself was represented like the mother of Priam when Troy was burning. She ran barefoot up and down, threatening the flames, wearing a blanket in the alarm of fear caught up.

CANDLEMAS-DAY IN ST. PETER'S.

The artist to whose pencil our readers are indebted for the fine illustration on this page thus describes the scene he has so well depicted: "I glanced at the faces of the clergy who filled the stalls below the choristers, and I was struck with the different types that I saw among them. There was, perhaps, a Leo X. there, sensuous as Raphael has painted him; a Hildebrand, perhaps, who would humiliate some future Italian king; an honest ascetic like Adrian VI.; and maybe a Nicholas Breakspeare, who would crush, if he could, some reformer like Arundel of Brescia. All these might be there, it seemed to me, among others who merely served to swell the numbers. And then, when the ceremony was over, when they had returned each with his sanctified candles, incense was wafted from the swinging censer of the acolyte, who bowed profoundly before them. The thin films of the incense crept in and among them, and wove imaginary halos round their heads, and the odor of sanctity was wafted abroad."

CANDLEMAS-DAY IN ST. PETER'S, ROME.

IRREGULAR EAST INDIAN TROOPS.

Many of the larger semi-independent states of India now support quasi-regular regiments of horse, foot, and artillery, drilled and equipped after the manner of the British forces, but the main strength of their armies consists in such irregular troops as are shown in the sketch on page 333. Their ranks are chiefly filled by mercenaries, such as Arabs, Sindees, Mekranees, and similar rough, hardy tribes, who are soldiers by nature, but whose insurmountable dislike to drill, discipline, and uniform prevents their enlisting into the British service.

The "Seebundee," as these troops are called in Western India, are divided into companies under the command of a Jemadar, who is responsible for the pay and equipment of his men. A very little supervision is exercised by the officials of the native states. The confidence placed in the Jemadar may be abused, and he may, while showing a goodly array of men on paper, maintain but a skeleton company, and line his pockets at the expense of his government.

The dress and equipment of the Seebundee, depending much on individual taste, generally give them an appearance in a body which is more picturesque than pleasing to the military eye. Their arms are a long matchlock, sword, shield, dagger, and knife, and their accoutrements hang from the waist in an awkward kind of chatelaine of powder-flasks, flint and steel, etc., which bang about in action to the apparent though not actual inconvenience of the wearer. The matchlock will carry up to 700 or 800 yards when loaded with "four fingers" of powder, and is tolerably accurate up to 100 yards. A roll of lead is sometimes carried, rolled round like pigtail tobacco for convenience sake, which is chopped into the required lengths and used instead of bullets. The

IRREGULAR EAST INDIAN TROOPS.—[See Page 332.]

sword, which is kept as sharp as a razor, is tied in the waist cloth, or suspended from the shoulder by a leathern strap. Sometimes double-barreled Birmingham guns and rifles are seen in the hands of these men, but the matchlock is the most common.

In the sketch a muster of the Seebundee is supposed to be taking place. A company of Arabs and Sindees, shoulder to shoulder, shouting and tramping, and firing off their matchlocks over their shoulders, are advancing toward a War-office clerk in the foreground, who is taking a nominal roll of the men and checking off their numbers. A little half-naked drummer precedes each company, beating and dancing *con animo.* Other companies wait behind to come on in their turn, and around stand the Jemadars and Chaouses, as the Arab officers are called. The horsemen are in the rear. With respect to these, their dress and equipment are the same as the foot. They are simply foot-soldiers, plus a horse and his furniture, comprising a high-peaked wooden saddle, covered with saddle-cloths of felt and cloth, head and heel ropes, etc. Like all cavalry, they affect to look down on the trampers, but as in their particular case their only additional qualification is that they have four legs instead of two to run away with, they are, perhaps, not so much entitled to precedence over their brethren on foot as they imagine.

"NUTS," OR INDIAN TUMBLERS.

These form one of the numerous itinerant castes in India, corresponding to the gypsies at home. Including professional beggars and thieves, tumblers and jugglers, snake-charmers, actors, dancers, peddlers of all kinds of petty necessaries and creature comforts, etc., their number may be counted by the hundred. They generally have certain prescribed limits to their wanderings, and fixed towns and villages for their head-quarters in the monsoon season, when traveling and camping in the open air are inconvenient, if not impossible. Their customs, social and religious, vary considerably, and they have a rough kind of self-government peculiar to each caste. Some of their customs are as quaint as their personal appearance is picturesque, as they rest at the road-side on their travels, or lie sprawling in a confused mass of men, women,

EAST INDIAN TUMBLERS AND ACROBATS.

and children under the shade of a banyan or peepul tree, in their little make-shifts of camps.

The complexion, features, love of tawdry finery and ornament, and general habits of these aboriginal castes seem to suggest an analogy between them and the gypsies who are scattered over the European world, more especially as several words in the gypsy vocabulary are pure or modified Sanscrit.

The feats of the Nuts are of skill and precision in tumbling, leaping, and rope-dancing. To mark their precision, they are fond of introducing the sword wherever it is possible, for the same reason that led the Scotch to dance over crossed broadswords; only the native sword, being as sharp as a razor, is a more dangerous weapon to handle. They throw somersaults in a small square formed by tying four swords together with the edges uppermost; or, as in the sketch, two men stand back to back with a sword in each hand, then lock their arms together at the elbows, and throw alternate somersaults, gaining ground like a wheel. A more difficult feat is the following: A man lies at full length on his back, and a sword, with a lime on its point, is fixed erect at his head. He throws a somersault backward from the recumbent position, passing over the sword so closely as to take off the lime with the tip of his nose without scratching himself.

In all the most difficult passages in the performance the tom-tom is beaten vigorously, the drummer encouraging the performer with shouts of "Bravo! my brother," son, or father—according to the age of the individual alluded to—"Good, good," and so on, with many compliments to the skill of his own party, and more to the high birth and standing and known generosity of the spectators, who are "about to shower down rupees on the heads of the poor faithful people who have come so far to amuse them."

FINE DIAMONDS.

While it is true that there is a world-wide value for diamonds in general, there is now more than ever before a critical taste for gems. By the term "gem" we mean such diamonds as approach perfection in shape, material, cutting, and lustre. There is as much difference between diamonds as there is between the brilliance of an hydro-oxygen jet and the sparkle of an ordinary flame.

Some gems possess a latent brilliancy and intense fire which are quite marvelous; examined critically they reflect at every turn the most brilliant rays, causing persons who never supposed that they could be attracted by any stone to experience real pleasure from their examination.

Their former indifference arose from their never having had an object worthy of study, rather than from their dullness of vision.

Messrs. Starr & Marcus, No. 22 John St. (up stairs), New York, offer a large stock of Diamond Jewelry, containing many incomparably fine gems well worthy the examination of connoisseurs.

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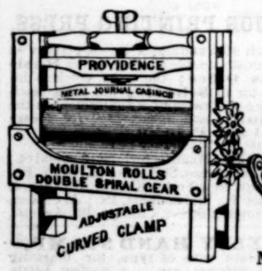

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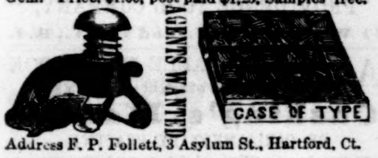

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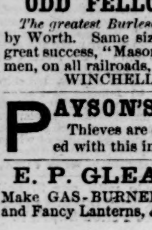

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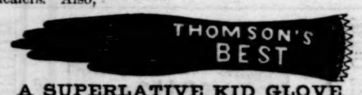

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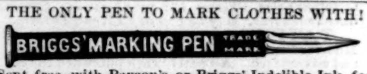

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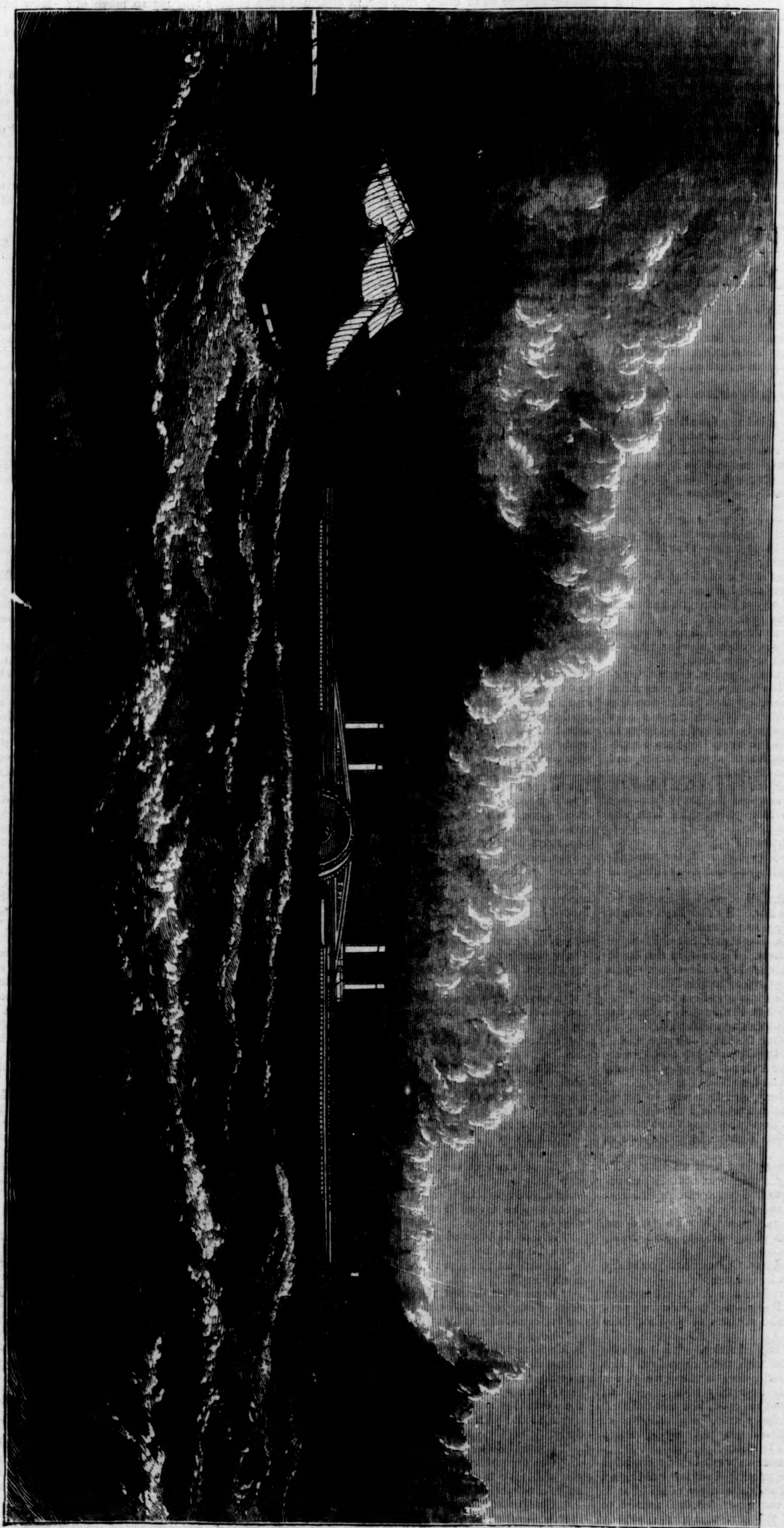
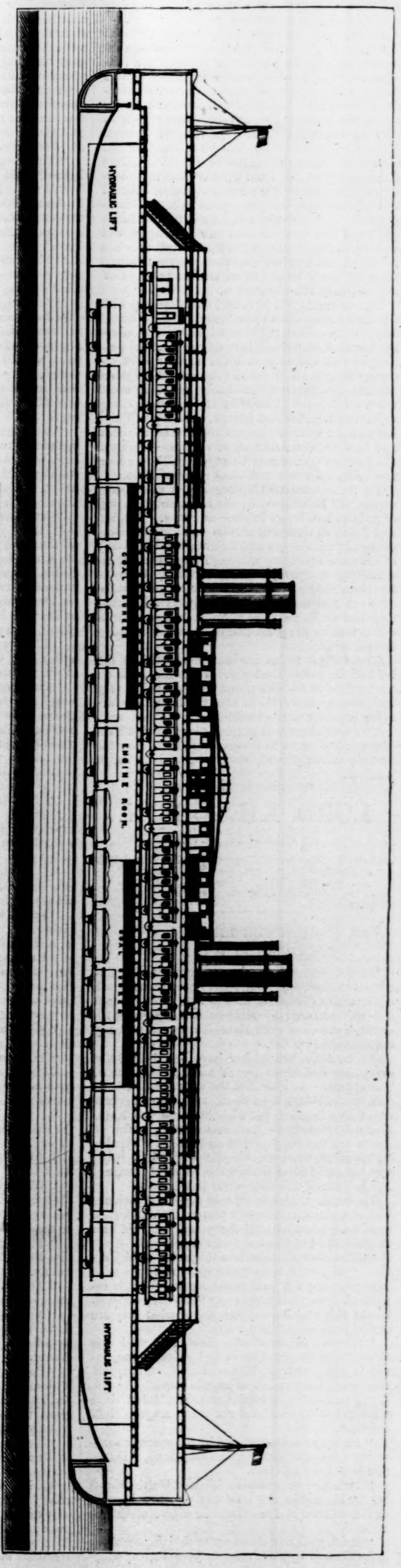


FROM DOVER TO CALAIS—THE FERRY STEAMER.



FROM DOVER TO CALAIS—LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF FERRY STEAMER.

FROM DOVER TO CALAIS.

EVERY one who has crossed the narrow channel between Dover and Calais during rough weather in the wretched little steamers that ply between those ports will appreciate the value of the scheme now on foot to provide a better system of transport for passengers and freight. Many plans have been offered for the erection of bridges and the construction of a tunnel, some of which have received the sanction of eminent practical engineers; but the most feasible project is that which now bids fair to become realized—that of adequate harbors on each side of the Channel for the accommodation of large and powerful steamers, which shall make the passage at all times of tide and in all weathers, and with a high rate of speed.

The requirements of this project are:

1. Deep water, well-sheltered harbors on both coasts, capable of affording ingress and egress at all states of the tide and weather.

2. A class of vessels of sufficient size and power to enable them to make the passage with rapidity, and comparatively unaffected by any state of wind and sea; and,

3. The providing safe and rapid means for passing passenger and freight trains upon the ferry steamers, so as practically to form a continuous railway communication between England and the Continent.

With regard to the first of these requirements, a careful inspection of the harbor of Dover showed that in its present state it affords very inadequate protection, particularly from easterly and southeasterly gales, and that as regards terminal accommodation the present arrangement is exceedingly limited and inconvenient, both as regards the comfort of passengers embarking and disembarking and the transit of freight between the railway cars and the steamers.

A careful consideration of the means of remedying these defects has determined the engineers in charge of the scheme to propose the construction of a harbor to the eastward of the present Admiralty Pier, as delineated in the plan on page 344. This harbor would not only afford adequate shelter under any circumstances of wind or weather, but it would also provide ample and most convenient space for terminal accommodation.

The question of a corresponding harbor on the French coast is now occupying the attention of the French authorities. Eminent engineers have suggested the formation of one near Cape Grisnez, at a shorter distance from Dover than the harbor of Calais, and with a clear navigation the whole way across, together with the advantage of the first-class electric light recently exhibited on Cape Grisnez as a guide for its direction during the darkest nights. This position constitutes one of the shortest and best crossings of the Channel.

With regard to the second requirement, viz., the requisite class of steamers, they are proposed to be 450 feet in length, 57 feet beam, and 95 feet over the paddle-boxes, propelled by disconnected engines of 1400 horse-power, nominal, by which such a rate of speed will be attained as will enable them to perform the voyage from shore to shore in one hour, while, from their form

and size, motion in any state of the weather would be almost imperceptible.

As regards the third requirement, viz., the providing rapid means for the interchange of passengers and freight traffic between the railways and the ferry stations, and under perfect shelter, it is proposed to form covered water stations into which the train will run, and under which the boats will be to receive the trains, so that all interchange, both as regards through carriages and otherwise, will be effected in still water and under the shelter of a roof affording complete protection from wind or rain, the transfer of the trains into the steamers being effected by hydraulic machinery designed in such a manner that each transfer can be effected within a period of five minutes, and the passengers will not be required to leave the trains until they are run on board the vessels, when they can alight from them on to platforms similar to those of any ordinary railway station.

The steamers will be luxuriously fitted up with first and second class refreshment saloons, ladies' and private cabins, together with a custom-house for the examination of luggage, so that the passengers will not only have the advantage of securing their seats in the railway cars throughout the entire journey without change, and thus avoid the present great discomfort of change and separation of families and friends, but they will also have all the accommodation afforded on the deck and in the various saloons and cabins—in short, the passage across may be regarded simply as a rest of an hour at a first-class railway station.

By these combined arrangements the voyage across will be effected in one hour, and a saving of at least two hours in time as between London and Paris, as time will also be saved in the interchange of passengers and freight; but the saving of distance and time, although important, is insignificant compared with the certainty and comfort secured to passengers under all circumstances of wind and weather, and the great additional facilities which would be afforded for the continuous transit of the great and constantly increasing freight traffic.

The freight trains are accommodated in the hold of the vessel, the lighter passenger trains on the middle deck, both trains together being very insignificant in weight as compared with the carrying capacity of the vessel.

The double-page engraving given in this Supplement illustrates in a very graphic manner the horrors of the present mode of transit in rough weather.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

THE GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT.

THERE was but one heavy heart at the dinner-table that day; but Nina's pride was proof against any disclosure of suffering, and, though she was tortured by anxiety and fevered with doubt, none—not even Kate—suspected that any care weighed on her.

As for Kate herself, her happiness beamed in every line and lineament of her handsome face. The captain—to give him the name by which he was known—had been up that day, and partaken of an afternoon tea with his aunt and Kate. Her spirits were excellent, and all the promise of the future was rose-colored and bright. The little cloud of what trouble the trial might bring was not suffered to darken the cheerful meeting, and it was the one only bitter in their cup.

To divert Curtis from this theme, on which, with the accustomed *mal à propos* of an awkward man, he wished to talk, the young men led him to the subject of Donogan and his party.

"I believe we'll take him this time," said Curtis. "He must have some close relations with some one about Moate or Kilbeggan, for it is remarked he can not keep away from the neighborhood; but who are his friends, or what they are meditating, we can not guess."

"If what Mademoiselle Kostalergi said this morning be correct," remarked Atlee, "conjecture is unnecessary. She told Dick and myself that every Irishman is at heart a rebel."

"I said more or less of one, Mr. Atlee, since there are some who have not the courage of their opinions."

"I hope you are gratified by the emendation," whispered Dick; and then added, aloud, "Donogan is not one of these."

"He's a consummate fool," cried Curtis, bluntly. "He thinks the attack of a police barrack or the capture of a few firelocks will revolutionize Ireland."

"He forgets that there are twelve thousand police, officered by such men as yourself, captain," said Nina, gravely.

"Well, there might be worse," rejoined Curtis, doggedly, for he was not quite sure of the sincerity of the speaker.

"What will you be the better of taking him?" said Kilgobbin. "If the whole tree be pernicious, where's the use of plucking one leaf off it?"

"The captain has nothing to do with that," said Atlee, "any more than a hound has to discuss the morality of fox-hunting—his business is the pursuit."

"I don't like your simile, Mr. Atlee," said Nina, while she whispered some words to the captain, and drew him in this way to a confidential talk.

"I don't mind him at all, Miss Nina," said Curtis; "he's one of those fellows on the Press, and they are always saying impertinent things, to keep their little talents in wind. I'll tell you, in confidence, how wrong he is. I have just had a meeting with the Chief Secretary, who told me that the Popish bishops are not at all pleased with the leniency of the Government; that whatever 'healing measures' Mr. Gladstone contemplates ought to be for the Church and the Catholics; that the Fenians or the Nationalists are the enemies of the Holy Father; and that the time has come for the Government to hunt them down, and give over the rule of Ireland to the Cardinal and his party."

"That seems to me very reasonable, and very logical," said Nina.

"Well, it is and it is not. If you want peace in the rabbit-warren, you must banish either the rats or the rabbits; and I suppose either the Protestants or the Papists must have it their own way here."

"Then you mean to capture this man?"

"We do—we are determined on that. And what's more, I'd hang him if I had the power."

"And why?"

"Just because he isn't a bad fellow! There's no use in hanging a bad fellow in Ireland—it frightens nobody; but if you hang a respectable man, a man that has done generous and fine things, it produces a great effect on society, and is a terrible example."

"There may be a deep wisdom in what you say."

"Not that they'll mind me for all that. It's the men like myself, Miss Nina, who know Ireland well, who know every assize town in the country, and what the juries will do in each, are never consulted in England. They say, 'Let Curtis catch him—that's his business.'"

"And how will you do it?"

"I'll tell you. I haven't men enough to watch all the roads; but I'll take care to have my people where he's least likely to go—that is, to the North. He's a cunning fellow is Dan, and he'd make for the Shannon if he could; but now that he knows we're after him, he'll turn to Antrim or Derry. He'll cut across Westmeath and make North, if he gets away from this."

"That is a very acute calculation of yours; and where do you suspect he may be now—I mean, at this moment we're talking?"

"He's not three miles from where we're sitting," said he, in a low whisper, and a cautious glance round the table. "He's hid in the bog outside. There's scores of places there a man could hide in, and never be tracked; and there's few fellows would like to meet Donogan single-handed. He's as active as a rope-dancer, and he's as courageous as the devil."

"It would be a pity to hang such a fellow."

"There's plenty more of the same sort—not exactly as good as him, perhaps, for Dan was a gentleman once."

"And is, probably, still?"

"It would be hard for him, with the rapscallions he has to live with, and not five shillings in his pocket besides."

"I don't know, after all, if you'll be happier for giving him up to the law. He may have a mother, a sister, a wife, or a sweetheart."

"He may have a sweetheart, but I know he has none of the others. He said, in the dock, that no man could quit life at less cost—that there wasn't one to grieve after him."

"Poor fellow! that was a sad confession."

"We're not all to turn Fenians, Miss Nina, because we're only children and unmarried."

"You are too clever for me to dispute with," said she, in affected humility; "but I like greatly to hear you talk of Ireland. Now, what number of people have you here?"

"I have my orderly, and two men to patrol the demesne; but to-morrow we'll draw the net tighter. We'll call in all the party from Moate, and, from information I have got, we're sure to track him."

"What confidences is Curtis making with Mademoiselle Nina?" said Atlee, who, though affecting to join the general conversation, had never ceased to watch them.

"The captain is telling me how he put down the Fenians in the rising of '61," said Nina, calmly.

"And did he? I say, Curtis, have you really suppressed rebellion in Ireland?"

"No; nor won't, Mr. Joe Atlee, till we put down the rascally Press—the unprincipled penny-a-liners, that write treason to pay for their dinner."

"Poor fellows!" replied Atlee. "Let us hope it does not interfere with their digestion. But seriously, mademoiselle, does it not give you a great notion of our insecurity here in Ireland when you see to what we trust, law and order?"

"Never mind him, Curtis," said Kilgobbin. "When these fellows are not saying sharp things, they have to be silent."

While the conversation went briskly on, Nina contrived to glance unnoticed at her watch, and saw that it wanted only a quarter of an hour to nine. Nine was the hour she had named to Donogan to be in the garden, and she already trembled at the danger to which she had exposed him. She reasoned thus: "So reckless and fearless is this man, that, if he should have come determined to see me, and I do not go to meet him, he is quite capable of entering the house boldly, even at the cost of being captured. The very price he would have to pay for his rashness would be its temptation."

A sudden cast of seriousness overcame her as she thus thought, and Kate, perceiving it, rose at once to retire.

"You were not ill, dearest Nina? I saw you grow pale, and I fancied for a moment you seemed faint."

"No; a mere passing weakness. I shall lie down and be better presently."

"And then you'll come up to aunt's room—I call godmother aunt now—and take tea with Gorman and us all."

"Yes, I'll do that after a little rest. I'll take half an hour or so of quiet," said she, in broken utterances. "I suppose the gentlemen will sit over their wine; there's no fear of their breaking up?"

"Very little *fear*, indeed," said Kate, laughing at the word. "Papa made me give out some of his rare old '41 wine to-day, and they're not likely to leave it."

"By-by, then, for a little while," said Nina, dreamily, for her thoughts had gone off on another track. "I shall join you later on."

Kate tripped gayly up the stairs, singing pleasantly as she went, for hers was a happy heart and a hopeful.

Nina lingered for a moment with her hand on the baluster, and then hurried to her room.

It was a still, cold night of deep winter, a very faint crescent of a new moon was low in the sky, and a thin snow-fall, slightly crisped with frost, covered the ground. Nina opened her window and looked out. All was still and quiet without—not a twig moved. She bent her ear to listen, thinking that on the frozen ground a step might perhaps be heard, and it was a relief to her anxiety when she heard nothing. The chill, cold air that came in through the window warned her to muffle herself well, and she drew the hood of her scarlet cloak over her head. Strong-booted, and with warm gloves, she stood for a moment at her door to listen, and finding all quiet, she slowly descended the stairs and gained the hall. She started affrighted as she entered, thinking there was some one seated at the table, but she rallied in an instant, as she saw it was only the loose horseman's coat or cloak of the chief constable, which, lined with red, and with the gold-laced cap beside it, made up the delusion that alarmed her.

It was not an easy task to withdraw the heavy bolts and bars that secured the massive door, and even to turn the heavy key in the lock required an effort; but she succeeded at length, and issued forth into the open.

"How I hope he has not come; how I pray he has not ventured," said she to herself as she walked along. "Leave-takings are sad things, and why incur one so full of peril and misery too! When I wrote to him, of course I knew nothing of his danger, and it is exactly his danger will make him come!" She knew of others to whom such reasonings would not have applied, and a scornful shake of the head showed that she would not think of them at such a moment. The sound of her own footsteps on the crisp ground made her once or twice believe she heard some one coming, and, as she stopped to listen, the strong beating of her heart could be counted. It was not fear—at least not fear in the sense of a personal danger—it was that high tension which great anxiety lends to the nerves, exalting vitality to a state in which a sensation is as powerful as a material influence.

She ascended the steps of the little terraced mound of the rendezvous, one by one, overwhelmed almost to fainting by some imagined analogy with the scaffold, which might be the fate of him she was going to meet.

He was standing under a tree, his arms crossed on his breast, as she came up. The moment she appeared he rushed to meet her, and throwing himself on one knee, he seized her hand and kissed it.

"Do you know your danger in being here?" she asked, as she surrendered her hand to his grasp.

"I know it all, and this moment repays it tenfold."

"You can not know the full extent of the peril; you can not know that Captain Curtis and his people are in the Castle at this moment, that they are in full cry after you, and that every avenue to this spot is watched and guarded."

"What care I! Have I not this?" And he covered her hand with kisses.

"Every moment that you are here increases your danger, and if my absence should become known, there will be a search after me. I shall never forgive myself if my folly should lead to your being captured."

"If I could but feel my fate was linked with yours, I'd give my life for it willingly."

"It was not to listen to such words as these I came here."

"Remember, dearest, they are the last confessions of one you shall never see more. They are the last cry of a heart that will soon be still forever."

"No, no, no!" cried she, passionately. "There is life enough left for you to win a worthy name. Listen to me calmly now; I have heard from Curtis within the last hour all his plans for your capture; I know where his patrols are stationed, and the roads they are to watch."

"And did you care to do this?" said he, tenderly.

"I would do more than that to save you."

"Oh, do not say so!" cried he, wildly, "or you will give me such a desire to live as will make a coward of me."

"Curtis suspects you will go northward; either he has had information, or computes it from what you have done already."

"He is wrong, then. When I go hence, it shall be to the court-house at Tullamore, where I mean to give myself up."

"As what?"

"As what I am—a rebel, convicted, sentenced, and escaped, and still a rebel."

"You do not, then, care for life?"

"Do I not, for such moments of life as this!" cried he, as with a wild rapture he kissed her hand again and again.

"And were I to ask you, you would not try to save your life?"

"To share that life with you there is not any thing I would not dare. To live and know you were another's is more than I can face. Tell me, Nina, is it true you are to be the wife of this soldier? I can not utter his name."

"I am to be married to Mr. Walpole."

"What! to that contemptuous young man you have already told me so much of? How have they brought you down to this?"

"There is no thought of bringing down; his rank and place are above my own—he is by family and connection superior to us all."

"And what is he, or how does he aspire to you? Is the vulgar security of competence to live on—is that enough for one like you? is the well-balanced good-breeding of common politeness enough to fill a heart that should be fed on passionate devotion? You may link yourself to mediocrity, but can you humble your nature to resemble it? Do you believe you can plod on the dreary road of life without an impulse or an ambition, or blend your thoughts with those of a man who has neither?"

She stood still, and did not utter a word.

"There are some—I do not know if you are one of them—who have an almost shrinking dread of poverty."

"I am not afraid of poverty."

"It has but one antidote, I know—intense love! The all-powerful sense of living for another begets indifference to the little straits and trials of narrow fortune, till the mind at last comes to feel how much there is to live for beyond the indulgence of vulgar enjoyments; and if, to crown all, a high ambition be present, there will be an ecstasy of bliss no words can measure."

"Have you failed in Ireland?" asked she, suddenly.

"Failed, so far as to know that a rebellion will only ratify the subjection of the country to England; a reconquest would be slavery. The chronic discontent that burns in every peasant heart will do more than the appeal to arms. It is slow, but it is certain."

"And where is your part?"

"My part is in another land; my fortune is linked with America—that is, if I care to have a fortune."

"Come, come, Donogan," cried she, calling him inadvertently by his name, "men like you do not give up the battle of life so easily. It is the very essence of their natures to resist pressure and defy defeat."

"So I could; so I am ready to show myself. Give me but hope. There are high paths to be trodden in more than one region of the globe. There are great prizes to be wrestled for, but it must be by him who would share them with another. Tell me, Nina," said he, suddenly, lowering his voice to a tone of exquisite tenderness, "have you never, as a little child, played at that game of what is called seeking your fortune, wandered out into some thick wood or along a winding rivulet, to meet whatever little incident imagination might dignify into adventure; and in the chance heroism of your situation have you not found an intense delight? And if so in childhood, why not see if adult years can not renew the experience? Why not see if the great world be not as dramatic as the small one? I should say it is still more so. I know you have courage."

"And what will courage do for me?" asked she, after a pause.

"For you, not much; for me, every thing."

"I do not understand you."

"I mean this—that if that stout heart could dare the venture and trust its fate to me—to me, poor, outlawed, and doomed, there would be a grander heroism in a girl's nature than ever found home in a man's."

"And what should I be?"

"My wife within an hour; my idol while I live."

"There are some who would give this another name than courage," said she, thoughtfully.

"Let them call it what they will, Nina. Is it not to the unbounded trust of a nature that is above all others that I, poor, unknown, ignoble as I am, appeal when I ask—Will you be mine? One word—only one; or, better still—"

He clasped her in his arms as he spoke, and, drawing her head toward his, kissed her cheek rapturously.

With wild and fervent words, he now told her rapidly that he had come prepared to make her the declaration, and had provided every thing, in the event of her compliance, for their flight. By an unused path through the bog they should gain the main road to Maryborough, where a priest well known in the Fenian interest would join them in marriage. The officials of the railroad were largely imbued with the Nationalist sentiment, and Donogan could be sure of safe crossing to Kilkenny, where the members of the party were in great force.

In a very few words he told her how, by the mere utterance of his name, he could secure the faithful services and the devotion of the people in every town or village of the kingdom. "The English have done this for us," cried he, "and we thank them for it. They have popularized rebellion in a way that all our attempts could never have accomplished. How could I, for instance, gain access to those little gatherings at fair or market, in the yard before the chapel, or the square before the court-house—how could I be able to explain to these groups of country people what we mean by a rising in Ireland? how it is to be carried on, or for whose benefit? what the prizes of success, what the cost of failure? Yet the English have contrived to embody all these in one word, and that word *my* name!"

There was a certain artifice, there is no doubt, in the way in which this poorly clad and not distinguished-looking man contrived to surround himself with attributes of power and influence, and his self-reliance imparted to his voice as he spoke a tone of confidence that was actually dignified. And, besides this, there was personal daring, for his life was on the hazard, and it was the very contingency of which he seemed to take the least heed.

Not less adroit, too, was the way in which he showed what a shock and amazement her conduct would occasion in that world of her acquaint-

ances—that world which had hitherto regarded her as essentially a pleasure-seeker, self-indulgent and capricious. "'Which of us all,' will they say, 'could have done what that girl has done? Which of us, having the world at her feet, her destiny at her very bidding, would go off and brave the storms of life out of the heroism of her own nature? How we all misread her nature! how wrongfully and unfairly we judged her! In what utter ignorance of her real character was every interpretation we made! How scornfully has she, by one act, replied to all our misconstruction of her! What a sarcasm on all our worldliness is her devotion!'"

He was eloquent after a fashion, and he had, above most men, the charm of a voice of singular sweetness and melody. It was clear as a bell, and he could modulate its tones till, like the drip, drip of water on a rock, they fell one by one upon the ear. Masses had often been moved by the power of his words, and the mesmeric influence of persuasiveness was a gift to do him good service now.

There was much in the man that she liked. She liked his rugged boldness and determination; she liked his contempt for danger and his self-reliance; and, essentially, she liked how totally different he was to all other men. He had not their objects, their hopes, their fears, and their ways. To share the destiny of such a man was to insure a life that could not pass unrecorded. There might be storm, and even shipwreck, but there was notoriety—perhaps even fame!

And how mean and vulgar did all the others she had known seem by comparison with him; how contemptible the polished insipidity of Walpole, how artificial the neatly turned epigrams of Atlee! How would either of these have behaved in such a moment of danger as this man's? Every minute he passed there was another peril to his life, and yet he had no thought for himself—his whole anxiety was to gain time to appeal to her. He told her she was more to him than his ambition—she saw herself she was more to him than life. The whirlwind rapidity of his eloquence also moved her, and the varied arguments he addressed, now to her heroism, now to her self-sacrifice, now to the power of her beauty, now to the contempt she felt for the inglorious lives of commonplace people—the ignoble herd, who passed unnoticed. All these swayed her; and after a long interval, in which she had heard him without a word, she said, in a low murmur to herself, "I will do it."

Donogan clasped her to his heart as she said it, and held her some seconds in a fast embrace. "At last I know what it is to love!" cried he, with rapture.

"Look there!" cried she, suddenly disengaging herself from his arm. "They are in the drawing-room already. I can see them as they pass the windows. I must go back, if it be but for a moment, as I should be missed."

"Can I let you leave me now?" he said, and the tears were in his eyes as he spoke.

"I have given you my word, and you may trust me," said she, as she held out her hand.

"I was forgetting this document; this is the lease or the agreement I told you of." She took it, and hurried away.

In less than five minutes afterward she was among the company in the drawing-room.

"Here have I been singing a rebel ballad, Nina," said Kate, "and not knowing the while it was Mr. Atlee who wrote it."

"What, Mr. Atlee," cried Nina, "is the 'Time to Begin' yours?" And then, without waiting for his answer, she seated herself at the piano, and striking the chords of the accompaniment with a wild and vigorous hand, she sang:

> If the moment is come and the hour to need us;
> If we stand man to man, like kindred and kin;
> If we know we have one who is ready to lead us,
> What want we for more than the word to begin?

The wild ring of defiance in which her clear, full voice gave out these words seemed to electrify all present, and to a second or two of perfect silence a burst of applause followed that even Curtis, with all his loyalty, could not refrain from joining.

"Thank God, you're not a man, Miss Nina!" cried he, fervently.

"I'm not sure she's not more dangerous as she is," said Lord Kilgobbin. "There's people out there in the bog, starving and half naked, would face the Queen's Guards if they only heard her voice to cheer them on. Take my word for it, rebellion would have died out long ago in Ireland if there wasn't the woman's heart to warm it."

"If it were not too great a liberty, Mademoiselle Kostalergi," said Joe, "I should tell you that you have not caught the true expression of my song. The brilliant bravura in which you gave the last line, immensely exciting as it was, is not correct. The whole force consists in the concentrated power of a fixed resolve—the passage should be subdued."

An insolent toss of the head was all Nina's reply, and there was a stillness in the room, as, exchanging looks with each other, the different persons there expressed their amazement at Atlee's daring.

"Who's for a rubber of whist?" said Lord Kilgobbin, to relieve the awkward pause. "Are you, Curtis? Atlee, I know, is ready."

"Here is all prepared," said Dick. "Captain Curtis told me before dinner that he would not like to go to bed till he had his sergeant's report, and so I have ordered a broiled bone to be ready at one o'clock, and we'll sit up as late as he likes after."

"Make the stake pounds and fives," cries Joe, "and I should pronounce your arrangements perfection."

"With this amendment," interposed my lord, "that nobody is expected to pay!"

"I say, Joe," whispered Dick, as they drew nigh the table, "my cousin is angry with you; why have you not asked her to sing?"

"Because she expects it; because she's tossing over the music yonder to provoke it; because she's in a furious rage with me: that will be nine points of the game in my favor," hissed he out between his teeth.

"You are utterly wrong—you mistake her altogether."

"Mistake a woman! Dick, will you tell me what I *do* know, if I do not read every turn and trick of their tortuous nature? They are occasionally hard to decipher when they're displeased. It's very big print indeed when they're angry."

LOST EXPLORERS.

Among the most famous of travelers was Mungo Park, on account of the novelty and importance of the journeys which he made, and of the personal characteristics of the traveler himself. One of the geographical mysteries of past times was the existence of a great city, Timbuctoo, on the banks of a great river, the Niger. The English thought the known river Gambia might possibly be the outlet of the Niger, while the French selected the known river Senegal; and traders belonging to both countries made many voyages up these two rivers to test the rival theories, but they met with no Timbuctoo, no Niger. Whether the Niger is the upper part of the Nile, or flows to some outlet on the west coast of Africa, or loses itself in some great marsh or lake in the centre of the continent, remained an unsolved problem. Mungo Park was employed to solve it. He had been an assistant surgeon on board an East Indiaman, and was now fitted out for his new enterprise at the cost of the African Association. He started in 1795, remained a few months near the mouth of the Gambia, and penetrated into the interior in 1796. Robbed of most of the commodities he had taken with him, imprisoned by a chieftain on the borders of the great Desert of Sahara, and treated with much cruelty, he at length reached Sego, the capital of Bambarra, where he saw the Joliba, a river as broad as the Thames at Westminster Bridge. He at once concluded it to be the Niger, of which he was in search. He hit on the truth, but did not know at what part of the African coast its waters reached the sea. What he underwent in his venturesome journey on and by the side of this river can only be appreciated by a perusal of his narrative, one of the best books of travel in the English language. Stripped of almost every thing, he made his way as best he could, found reason to believe that the great river has its mouth at a part of the west coast far south of the Gambia and Senegal, and returned safely in 1797. One fact impressed on his mind was that the negro tribes were much less cruel to him than such of the natives as were of Moorish descent.

Strengthened by a few years of quiet life at home, Mungo Park started off again in the spring of 1805, with the hope of tracing the great river down to its outlet, wherever that might be. With about fifty companions he sailed up the Gambia as far as a town called Kayee, along a route not till then known to him or to any European. The hot season and the insalubrity of the climate told so severely on the explorers that by the end of August three-fourths of them had either died or had abandoned the enterprise. Park reached the great river, however, and succeeded in obtaining leave from the King of Bambarra to fit up a canoe as a vessel suitable for sailing down the river. This vessel he named his Majesty's ship *Joliba*. A narrative from his pen, brought to Europe by one of his companions, described all the proceedings down to November the 17th; the fatal sequel of the story came to light by degrees and from other quarters. He had only five Europeans now with him, but the last words ever received from him betokened his undaunted resolution: "Though I were myself half dead I would still persevere, and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at last die on the Niger." His words were fulfilled. It was not until five years afterward, in 1810, that the truth was known in England. The little party reached Timbuctoo, and sailed in safety some way beyond it, down the river. Here, however, a present which was sent to propitiate a king or powerful chief in Housa, or Houssa, was appropriated by an inferior leader, and the enraged king sent an army to destroy the vessel and its hapless navigators. One Isaaco, a Mandingo priest and merchant, who had accompanied Park in his former journey, and who was now the means of collecting facts relating to the final tragedy, reported that "there is before Houssa a rock, extending across the river, with only one opening in it, in the form of a door, for the water to pass through. The king's men took possession of the top of this rock until Park came up to it and attempted to pass. The natives attacked him and his friends with lances, pikes, arrows, and other missiles. Park defended himself vigorously for a long time; but at last, after throwing every thing in the canoe overboard, being overpowered by numbers, and seeing no chance of getting the canoe past, he took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the river; Martyn did the same; and the whole were drowned in their attempt to escape by swimming. One black remained in the canoe, the other two being killed, and he cried for mercy. The canoe fell into the hands of the natives. Amadi Fatouma (a guide, who was not present at this final scene), on being freed from his irons three months afterward, ascertained these facts from the native who had survived the catastrophe." His statements comprise all we know of the death of this brave explorer, whose name is inseparably connected with the romance of African discovery.

Liechhardt—shall we ever know where and when he died? Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig Leichhardt was a Prussian, who went to Australia just about thirty years ago, and rambled about in search of natural history specimens. In 1844–45 he made a venturesome journey from the east coast to the north coast of that country, under the patronage of Governor Sir Thomas Mitchell. He went where no European had ever before been, and did his work well; but during three thousand miles of travel he suffered terrible privations. So far from being tired out, however, he started off again, in the very next year, on a much more daring expedition—to cross the whole breadth of Australia from east to west, striking as near to the actual centre as he could. The last that was heard of him was in April, 1848. How far he penetrated, when and how he died, perhaps we shall never know; for all his companions seem to have perished with him. Once now and then the Australian newspapers give bits of rumor about relics of poor Leichhardt; but they fail of verification when tested. The belief is that he perished far in the interior of the vast continent, at some point which no other white man has ever visited.

Whether La Pérouse was entrapped and murdered by South Sea aborigines, or whether he and his men found a watery grave by shipwreck, is not certainly known. In 1787, with the good ships *Bussole* and *Astrolabe*, M. De la Pérouse (or Peyrouse) left France on a voyage of discovery to the South Seas. He refitted at Sydney, in 1788, at the very time when Governor Phillip was establishing the first colony in those regions. The two ships started, but not a single man of either crew was ever again heard of. The intention announced was to visit the Friendly Islands, New Guinea, and Van Diemen's Land. No news of the expedition having reached France, Admiral D'Entrecasteaux was dispatched on a voyage of search, 1792–93, fruitlessly. Years rolled on, and the mysterious fate of La Pérouse and his companions excited much interest, and became the theme of poets, stories, and laments. Long afterward, Captain Dillon, in command of an East Indiaman, called at Tucopia, one of the New Hebrides Islands, in 1826. He found a silver sword-hilt and other articles of French make, and learned from the natives that two ships had been wrecked at Mallicolo, another island in the group, nearly forty years before, leaving numerous fragments on the beach. Taking up this as a clew, the French government sent out M. Dumont d'Urville in the following year to make researches. At Mallicolo he found several articles of European manufacture in the possession of the natives; who, after some reluctance, and under the temptation of a gift of a piece of red cloth, pointed out a spot where anchors, canvas, and ship sheathing lay near the dry land at a depth of about twenty feet in the sea. The tradition among the natives was, that on a certain dark and stormy night the ships struck; that one speedily sunk, and only thirty of the crew were saved; that the other went to pieces, but without entailing the loss of her crew; that the survivors used up the shattered timbers to build a schooner, which work occupied them seven moons or months; that they sailed away, and were never more seen. Therefore, whether the hapless commander lost his life at Mallicolo or in some other part of the vast Pacific we shall probably never know.

Nothing can more clearly show the difference between intense cold and intense heat, especially when the latter is accompanied by damp vapors, on the human frame, than the small sacrifice of life among the explorers of the icy regions compared with that which has marked the course of African travel. During the fifty or sixty years of voyaging, boating, sledging, and foot-wandering that have been experienced by Parry, the two Rosses, Richardson, Back, Hood, Franklin, Lyon, Crozier, Fitz-James, Kellett, Moore, Richardson, Rae, Collinson, M'Clure, Penny, Austin, M'Clintock, Sherard Osborn, Inglefield, Belcher, Kane, and others, the loss of life has really been very small, notwithstanding the almost incredible hardships undergone. Ships and boats have been abandoned in great number; but the commanders and crews have, by some means or other, contrived to reach home in safety, with only a few exceptions. The great loss is that of Sir John Franklin, with the whole of his officers and men. He had already known what privation is in an earlier journey. In 1820 and two following years he and his party went from the Hudson Bay Company's territories to the icy regions and back again, in boat and on foot, a distance of more than five thousand miles. During the last days of their return journey they fed upon the few wretched bits of scanty lichen which they could grub up from the ground; and on one particular day "they ate the remains of their old shoes, and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigues of the journey." Still they *did* return. That which is known as the Franklin Expedition, so many features of which are involved in mystery, and the interest in which has by no means died out, was later in date by a quarter of a century. Twenty-seven years ago—that is, in 1845—Sir John Franklin, Captain Crozier, and Captain Fitz-James, with crews of a hundred and thirty men, set sail in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, each ship provided with a small steam-engine and propeller for occasional use, and with every necessary and comfort that forethought and liberality could suggest. In July of the same year the ships were seen moored to an iceberg in Baffin Bay, the opening scene of most of the arctic expeditions; but, so far as is known, no white man ever again saw the explorers alive. The ships were stored for five years. Still it occasioned surprise that no news of the intrepid explorers reached England throughout the years 1846 and 1847.

The Admiralty, rendered anxious by this ominous silence, resolved to send out searching parties. Never has been known a more remarkable and determined series of voyages and journeys than those which are collectively known, and deservedly known, as the Search for Franklin. First, in 1848, was sent out the *Plover*, under Captain Maguire, to go as far as he could in the direction supposed to have been taken by Franklin. Second, in the winter of the same year, Captains Kellett and Moore were sent to Behring Straits, to explore from that region northeastward. Third, in 1849, Sir John Richardson and Doctor Rae started off to examine the shores of the Arctic Sea near the mouth of the Mackenzie River. Fourth, Sir James Ross went to search in the creeks and nooks near Lancaster Sound. No tidings of Franklin having been met with by any of these explorers, redoubled efforts were made in 1850. No less than eight expeditions were sent out. Captains Collinson and M'Clure to Behring Straits, Sir John Ross to Wellington Channel, Captains Penny and Stewart to Lancaster Sound; other vessels, under Captains Austin, Ommaney, M'Clintock, Osborn, and Forsyth, in various directions. The Americans lent a kindly aid by sending out an expedition under Lieutenant De Haven. Another year came, and 1851 witnessed a new series of expeditions. Rae started on an overland journey, to reach the icy regions by way of the Esquimaux country; Kennedy went to Regent's Inlet, Inglefield to Baffin Bay, Belcher to Wellington Channel, Pullen to Beechey Island, Osborn to Wellington Channel, Kellett and M'Clintock to Melville Island. All these brave men were encouraged to add to the previously acquired stock of knowledge concerning the geography and hydrography of those desolate regions, but were at the same time told that their chief duty was to search for Franklin. The year 1853 was marked by the starting of other expeditions, under Trollope and Kennedy, to Behring Straits, Inglefield to Wellington Channel, and Kane to Smith's Sound. After these, at various intervals, other searching parties set forth; Mr. Anderson went from the Hudson Bay territories to the Esquimaux regions; Captain M'Clintock explored in and around King William's Island; other navigators have pursued the search from time to time; while Mr. Hall, an American, has made repeated journeys to Esquimaux regions where he thought information might be picked up.

What, then, is the sum total of our present knowledge of the gallant old Sir John's fate? We say old, for he was an elderly man when he started, with a constitution much weakened by maladies and fatigues in earlier life. Some of the searches made in 1850–51 brought to light scraps of paper, empty meat-tins, sheds in which smiths and carpenters had evidently worked, the graves of three sailors of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and other relics, sufficient to show that Franklin had passed the winter of 1845–46 in Wellington Channel. The next information obtained was more important and far more tragical. Dr. Rae, one of the most skillful and intrepid of the Hudson Bay Company's officers, went overland to the peninsula of Boothia, where he found that the Esquimaux had in their possession articles of plate once evidently belonging to some of Franklin's officers. They told a story of two ships having been wrecked among the ice, and of dead bodies presenting signs of having been partly eaten by famishing men. Rae was unable to learn any thing further. When the direful news reached England an earnest desire was evinced to follow up the clew, not by the government, who were unwilling to incur further expenditure, but by Lady Franklin and the public. The overcoming of numberless difficulties at length enabled Captain M'Clintock, in 1859, to discover, on King William's Island, buttons and medals once belonging to Franklin's men; then a skeleton, with scraps of clothing around it; then a heap of stones, in which was a copper cylinder containing a written paper; and around the spot a confused heap of clothing, stores, and instruments. The paper, unquestionably authentic, and of intense interest, recorded the fact that Franklin wintered in 1845–46 at Beechey Island, and in 1846–47 on or near King William's Land; that in June, 1847, Sir John died, worn out; that in April, 1848, Captain Crozier and the remainder of the crews (of whom more than one hundred still lived), convinced that succor would never reach them there, abandoned the ships, which had been hopelessly locked up in the ice for more than a year and a half.

Here the narrative ended; but it appears pretty certain that Crozier and his men meant to try, by sledging, boating, and walking, to reach some of the trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company. Armed with this sad news, M'Clintock resolved to make a little further search. He found a boat mounted on a sledge, portions of two skeletons in the boat, and near at hand boots, slippers, watches, guns, books, and various trifling articles. This was obviously only the beginning of a series of tragic scenes; but M'Clintock, anxious to make known what he had discovered, returned to England in 1859. Thirteen years have since elapsed, and a few further discoveries have been made; but many among us, especially his noble-hearted widow, feel that there ought still to be other things achieved in search of Franklin's papers and relics.

A comparison: Sir John Franklin, we know from these sad but scanty records, died in a little more than two years after leaving England for the last time. The indomitable Livingstone, we know from scattered data, was living five years after *his* departure to a very different region. Livingstone is even now several years younger than Franklin was at the time of his death; he has an iron constitution; and so far as men's speculations are worth any thing, we shall see him again.

FROM DOVER TO CALAIS—THE "TWO HOURS' PA

URS' PASSAGE" ACROSS THE CHANNEL.—[SEE PAGE 337.]

THE SPRING AFAR.

By ELIZABETH STODDARD.

FAR from the empire of my present days,
Where I perforce remain,
The wild, fresh airs of Spring blow to and fro,
Piping out Winter's reign.

I know the rosy wind-flowers spread like clouds
Above the leafy mould,
And pollard willows over shallow pools
Stretch out their rods of gold.

I hear the waters in the mossy swamps
Start on their ocean quest,
Gliding through meadows, murmuring in woods,
Till reaching final rest.

Fixed in my thoughts is Spring, so long remote;
Though Spring can not endow,
As Summer can, or yield sweet Autumn's peace:
'Tis that my heart needs now;

Or Hope—may be that Spring and Hope are one.
Therefore I should not ask
For leave from this my place: *both* may be near,
Behind my daily mask.

NAFOOSA:

A STORY OF GRAND CAIRO.

IT had been a glowing, scorching day. The desert was a vast glistening expanse of pitiless staring light, and the sky above it—intensely blue, and without the tiniest cloud to diversify its infinite monotony—had contemplated us fried, shriveled, dust-blinded mortals as we had toiled painfully, yet with heroic endurance, through our duties of sight-seeing.

We had spent the afternoon visiting the dilapidated but still beautiful "Tombs of the Caliphs," standing apart now in solemn isolation a mile or two from the city, and surrounded on every side by yellow sand—fitting resting-places, in their deep repose, for the great dead who lie there.

Their calm sleep is seldom disturbed now. Tourists, to be sure, like ourselves, come now and then from the bleak North to stare and giddily chatter within the sacred precincts. But tourists have not as yet become the plague of these regions, and their visits are comparatively few and far between. They come and go quickly, for there is not much to tempt them to loiter, and their voices grow fainter and fainter, and their foot-prints are swiftly effaced from the ever-shifting sand, and all is silent as before. The swarthy Bedouin stalks majestically past next, with his dark fierce face turned toward the West. He is returning from a hurried visit to the hated city to his roofless home in the desert; but he will not loiter within reach of even the faintest sounds of civilized life, and his grand, swift, yet never-hurried step quickly passes by, and he is soon lost in the burning expanse. Then, perhaps, comes a dark string of heavily laden camels, or a veiled woman with a pitcher on her head and a dusky naked imp on her shoulder, or a troop of laborers, or a file of donkeys. But they all, like ourselves, have come merely to go again, and, gliding by noiselessly, the dead are once more left to themselves.

The sun has set now in a tremulous golden glory, and the short southern twilight has already deepened into night. The yellow sands and silent tombs are behind us—pale, ghostly shadows; and before us is a strange, fantastic city, through whose narrow streets our donkeys, and we upon them, are threading our way, under the guidance of our donkey-boy, Ali Achmet. Every body who has ever been in Cairo is intimately acquainted with the tribe donkey-boy, the irrepressible, impudent, yet fascinating youth, who, chattering a dozen languages in a breath, bewilders the inexperienced traveler into the belief that he is a genius and knows them all. Foolish supposition, indeed. Six words of each is, on an average, the extent of his knowledge. But with these six words, his bright laughing eyes, his gleaming teeth, his never-tired legs, and his inexhaustible stock of good-will, fun, and impudence, he is the donkey-boy *par excellence* of all the world, and has won your heart in five minutes.

This, however, is a digression, for Ali, our friend, was not, strictly speaking, a donkey-boy, though he called himself one, but rather a master donkey-boy, owner of several beasts and several boys. Ali was, in short, a man of substance, who was doing well in the world. His age, according to his own account, was about twenty; but he looked, as all Easterns do, at least ten years older. His figure was tall and slender, yet strongly made, and his dark camel's-hair cloak hung upon it in fine artistic folds. His small well-shaped feet were shod in bright yellow slippers, and a spotlessly white turban was wound in soft thick coils round his head. His face—it was a face such as one never forgets, and which, even in this land of dark-eyed, passionate-visaged men, had a character and distinction of its own. A deep olive skin, a long flat nose, a thin broad mouth, which smiled now and then rather sweetly and sadly, and slow lazy oval eyes, lighting up occasionally with a sort of fierce eagerness, almost, I might say, cruelty, which took one's breath away, and one somehow seemed to make one's blood creep in one's veins.

Ali and I were fast friends. From the first he had taken my donkey and myself under his special protection, and his place was invariably by my side. From the first, too, he had been communicative, confidential even, and had readily enough let me into the mysteries of his domestic interior. One day I had chanced to ask him if he had a wife, or two, or perhaps even three, I had added, with an involuntary lowering of my voice, and with a wholesale gulping down of the repugnance I felt at making the odious suggestion. His answer relieved me immensely. Ali had but one wife, and Nafoosa was her name.

"And do you love her very much?" I inquired, eagerly, and with a keen sense of delight at the promising condition of Ali's morals and manners.

"Love her? Yes!" And the oval eyes flamed up suddenly. "I give her diamants and pearls, and beautiful dresses—the best in the bazar. My wife pretty—very pretty. Love her? Yes, I do!" he concluded, emphatically.

This was delightful. But the very next instant my feelings received a cruel shock.

"And how long have you been married? Have you any children?" I asked, imprudently.

"Children? Yes. One boy, dead—of other wife, you know; not this one," he replied, carelessly, and urging my donkey on to a quicker pace.

"Other wife!" I repeated, aghast. "But, Ali, you told me—"

"She bad—very bad. Put her away—sent her home to her father. She ugly, very ugly—hate her!" my friend proceeded, in an off-hand way.

This was unpleasant, and it took me a few minutes to recover myself. Presently, however, I had, with a facility which astonished myself, faced the position, and I was curiously inquiring into all the particulars. Not very many could I gather. The subject seemed to be of very slight interest to Ali. As far as the difficulties of language would allow me to discover, he had first married a wife of eleven, he being himself fourteen years old. She had had a temper, and probably a tongue. It was the old story of mother-in-law versus daughter-in-law, except that in this land of lightly considered matrimonial engagements the mother-in-law had carried the day in the end, instead of the wife. The refractory Fatimeh had, probably by mutual consent, returned to her father's house, after the death of her child, and in due time Nafoosa had become her successor. Nafoosa! It was a sweet-sounding name, and somehow took my fancy strangely. I caught myself repeating it over and over again with a lingering tenderness; observing which Ali suddenly looked up at me with flashing eyes. Would I come to this house to see her? he inquired. Nafoosa would be glad; his mother would be glad; every body would be glad; the coffee would be ready—"real Arab coffee—not the stuff they give at hotel," with an expressive grimace; but good coffee, such as Arab drinks. Would I come?

Of course I said that I would come, some day soon, but— And I looked back with a smile at the gentlemen of our party. Might they come too? Were they to be allowed to see the lovely Nafoosa?

Ali smiled too, but rather darkly. I had only made the proposal for a little jest, but my friend seemed to consider it a serious sort of jest, and, without ceremony, gave it a flat refusal. No man but himself might look on his wife's face. Her father? Yes, that did not count. And her brother, of course. Yes. But a stranger, a Frank, a Christian! By the soul of the Prophet's mother, a thousand times, No!

And so it came to pass that to-day, on our way back from the Caliph's Tombs, Ali reminded me of my promise. Its fulfillment had been, from one cause or another, from day to day delayed, but now my friend seemed resolved to take no excuse, and though I was tired and hungry and anxious to be at home, I did not know how to refuse his eager invitation, and after a short hesitation, said "yes" to it at last. The next minute I half regretted my complacency. Daylight had almost gone now, and the Mouski—the Fifth Avenue of Cairo—was brilliantly lit, and filled with a screaming, motley throng. But Ali and I had left the Mouski and my companions (who were returning to the hotel), and had turned sharply into a narrow passage, which led us, after a minute or two, into a dark quiet quarter. The change was sudden and startling. I was alone with an Arab, whom a week ago I had never seen, and I was in the midst of a large Eastern city, and it was late, almost night. In short, to be perfectly candid, I suddenly felt a little frightened, and rather suspicious and distrustful of my friend Ali, in whose complete power I had rashly placed myself. We had both become very silent. My silly alarms paralyzed my tongue, and while Ali was probably indulging in a pleasant dream of the home to which he was bringing me, I am ashamed to say that my brain was busy conjuring up all sorts of imaginary horrors.

It was very foolish of me, no doubt. Yet, for my self-defense, the circumstances were, to say the least of them, slightly peculiar. On he went, through narrow lanes and winding passages, in which my feet came into continual contact with the walls. So narrow were they that the sky above was often but a slender streak of dark, liquid blue, in which a stray star was calmly shining; so narrow that often, too, the delicately carved latticed Arabian night balconies, jutting out on either side, hid the sky and the stars altogether, and made the passage beneath completely dark. Once, I remember, we came to a sort of little "Place," crossing which I breathed more freely. Here, too, were the tall dark houses and the mysterious balconies, and strange dusky shadows were lying about. A white-veiled woman was gliding across it in a ghostly fashion. But above, in the deep, distant sky, there was a moon, and such a moon! So serenely, beautifully bright, and shining down upon the little Place with such a glorious tranquil light that it quieted my nerves all at once, and made me feel myself again. Our wanderings were, moreover, nearly concluded now, and presently Ali and the donkey came to a stand-still.

"This is my home," he announced, laconically, taking me in his arms—the Eastern fashion of dismounting one—and placing me upon my feet in front of a very low archway, behind which pitch-darkness, and nothing else, was visible. But something was audible—sounds which frightened me more reasonably than the imaginary terrors of a few minutes ago—the loud barking of a crew of the inevitable hateful, ugly curs, which are the veritable plague of all Eastern cities, and my especial aversion and terror.

It required all Ali's persuasive powers to reassure me and to induce me to follow him into the sombre regions whence the barks, or rather yells, proceeded; but at last, to make a long story short, I plucked up my courage, and, keeping close at his heels, I soon found that I had safely crossed a sort of court-yard, and that I was climbing up the very steep and rickety staircase which led to his "home." What a strange, dark place it was! How mysterious and still seemed the dim, lofty rooms, across which the lantern, which Ali had lit a few moments ago, threw all sorts of odd, shimmering glances. In the half light it seemed to be quite a palatial abode. We passed through at least two lofty, good-sized apartments before reaching the one in which Ali, with the gesture of a king, and with a courteous dignity which made me blush for my recent ridiculous fit of suspicion and distrust, pointed to the divan, and requested me to be seated. It was easy to see that my friend was lord and master of his kingdom, and his coming seemed all at once to rouse it out of the sort of magic slumber in which it had been plunged. Doors opened and shut again. The shuffling of pattens made itself heard. There was a general waking up, and presently his womankind began to appear—slaves, servants, relations, children, what not? In these Eastern households it is as well not to inquire too closely into particulars, nor to attempt to fathom the mysterious depths of a Moslem's harem. Soon a faint ray of light began to dawn upon me. At all events, whatever or whoever they were, they were not all Ali's. My friend was one of several brothers, who kept house together, and the consequence was this numerous female congregation, over which his mother reigned as queen. A hideous, disagreeable old queen she was, too. I disliked her from the very first; and looking at her wrinkled, malignant, hard face, I fancied that I could fully sympathize with the wrongs and woes of the luckless Fatimeh.

"But Nafoosa?" I inquired, presently, when I had done my best to acknowledge the numerous salams and greetings which I received from all sides, and I had become somewhat accustomed to the eager gaping and staring to which I was, of course, subjected—"surely Nafoosa is not one of these?" There were one or two tolerably pretty faces among them. But not even the *kohl* which darkened their eyes, nor the paint which colored their cheeks, nor the gleaming whiteness of their teeth—which I believe was genuine—gave them the remotest claims to beauty. As to the rest, they were unmitigatedly ugly and awkward in their tasteless, clumsy clothes, and with their grinning, vacant smiles. "Surely Nafoosa could not be one of these?" Ali, seated by my side on the divan—all the women, not even excepting his mother, standing in various ungraceful attitudes before us—smiled a quiet, superior sort of smile at my question. "No, certainly. Nafoosa was not one of these. She had been sleeping, probably, and was now dressing herself. She would come in a minute."

She was coming even then; had indeed come—noiselessly, like an apparition—and was standing, white and still, in the midst of that chattering, grinning, untaking group of women. It was as if a pure white lily had suddenly sprung up in the midst of a gaudy, vulgar flower bed. Perhaps Nafoosa, roused abruptly from her slumbers (Eastern women sleep, from want of any thing else to do, at all times and hours), had not had time to deck herself, and had therefore, at the summons of her lord, hastily concealed deficiencies by wrapping herself up in the white linen garment, called *eezar*, which is the female out-of-door toilet in the East. At all events, from whatever cause, she wore it now. The effect of the contrast was delightful. The *eezar* was not put on after the usual hideous and ungainly fashion, which converts its wearer into a shapeless, waddling bundle, but was carelessly thrown over the shoulders, leaving the head and neck uncovered: and if the girl had studied her appearance for a week, she could not in the end have selected a more becoming or striking costume. How beautiful she was! with those lustrous, wistful eyes, and that soft, entirely colorless skin, and that profusion of rich, dark hair; and when she smiled, as she was now smiling at me—a shy, surprised smile, so unlike the bold, gaping smiles of the other women—I felt my heart jump into my mouth, and thought that in all my life I had never seen any thing half so pretty.

And so I enthusiastically informed her husband, who received my compliments with true Eastern phlegm; yet I could see well enough that he was proud and delighted, for, with an air of condescension, he rose from the divan and went over to his young wife and pulled her hair, and, I suppose, repeated my words; for the girl blushed a little, and laughed a little, and presently, at my urgent request, Ali induced her to seat herself beside me and to make friends—no very easy undertaking, considering my limited stock of Arabic.

However, we got along famously. Nafoosa seemed to like me, and she was quick and intelligent, and she managed to understand the most of what I tried to say to her. Before long I remembered Ali's boast of the diamonds and pearls, and, for the sake of conversation, I alluded to it. The other women were bedizened with trinkets, but Nafoosa was unadorned, save for a little bunch of sweet-smelling violets which peeped slyly out from the folds of her white drapery. I regretted my inquiry the moment it was made, for Ali's face suddenly darkened, and he spoke to her roughly. "Why was she not properly dressed?" he asked; "and where were her earrings and her brooches and her rings?" And then he appealed to his mother; and so far as I could gather, Nafoosa got a good scolding from both of them for the untimely simplicity of her costume. It was in vain that I did my best to repair my mistake, and declared that I liked Nafoosa best as she was, without ornament, and that jewels could add nothing to her beauty. All in vain. The poor girl was carried off like a child in disgrace by her mother-in-law, who chattered vehemently all the while, and Ali, resuming his seat, and calmly sipping a cup of the delicious coffee with which I had already been regaled, informed me that he had sent her to dress herself.

"She has got lazy of late," he said; "and she does not care about dressing and making herself beautiful. But she must, I tell her; and she must do it," he concluded, with one of his emphatic looks.

Silently, because I felt a sudden aversion to the tyrant, and did not care to pursue the conversation, I awaited her return. Not for long. Presently she came back, tricked out with the famous ear-rings—tolerably good diamonds—and with a brooch awkwardly stuck in her hair, and another fastening her dress, and with a chain round her neck, and a few cheap rings on her fingers. All the other women burst into loud mockery and gayety, and clapped their hands, as the old hag, with a triumphant air, led the girl back to us adorned, shrinking and captive. But I did not laugh; nor would I give more than a passing glance at the jewels, to which Ali proudly called my attention, exhibiting his wife as he might have exhibited a favorite horse or dog. For my part, I could only look at Nafoosa's face and into her deep, pathetic eyes, and marvel and puzzle over the great, wild sadness which I suddenly saw there.

And so Ali Achmet introduced me to his young wife, and initiated me into the mysteries of his harem; and then, all at once, dropping the grand courtesy of a host, and relapsing into the obliging obsequious Ali of my acquaintance, brought me safely home, in good time for dinner. Heaven knows that I was glad enough to get back to the pleasant, well-lit, gay hotel, away from Nafoosa's dim, quiet home and Nafoosa's piteous, haunting eyes. They haunted me all that night and the next day, and the next night too—haunted me so vividly and to such a purpose that before many days had passed I awoke one morning with an irresistible longing at my heart to see the girl once more. No reason why I should not. Ali, when I told him of my wish, looked the least possible shade surprised, it is true, but professed himself delighted and honored; and so I paid another visit to his "home," and not one only, but several. I grew fond of Nafoosa, and she liked me. She interested me strangely, winding herself in some mysterious fashion round and round my heart, drawing me to her as to a magnet; and when one day she suddenly told me, what, indeed, I had guessed from the very first, that she was miserably, wretchedly unhappy, so unhappy that she longed to die, I took her in my arms and kissed her as though she were my sister. Perhaps it was this that won her heart. Poor girl! I would have done any thing I could for her. But what could I do save listen, and make frantic efforts to progress in Arabic, so as to be able to listen to some purpose, and to speak to the unfortunate girl a few words of the warning and advice which she so badly needed?

"But, Nafoosa, it is wrong, dreadfully wrong, for a married woman to love any man but her husband," I said to her, when she had told me all about Hassan's dark, sweet eyes, and his gentleness and his bravery and his goodness, and how they had loved one another from childhood, and how they would continue to love one another so long as life lasted. But the girl only shook her head and smiled drearily at my meek little sermon.

"Of course she was wrong," she said; "she knew that, and she was a lost, wicked woman, and"—here she shuddered and grew pale—"Ali would kill her if he knew it." And I very soon discovered that a slavish terror of her husband's jealousy and vengeance was poor Nafoosa's standard of right and wrong.

"But how did you come to marry Ali," I inquired, "if you loved Hassan all the time?"

She laughed at my simplicity and ignorance. After the barbarous fashion of these countries she, a girl of fifteen, had been made a wife without being asked or consulted, or even having ever seen her husband's face.

"But Ali is fond of you and good to you, is he not?" I inquired, softly, when I had thought a little over her sad story.

Her face darkened, and there came another piteous outburst. Her husband's love was that of a tyrant for his slave. He was proud of her beauty, because it belonged to him. It was his pleasure, as it is the pleasure and custom of all Arabs, to invest his money as quickly as it was gained in jewels and trinkets with which to deck her. He caressed and petted her, much as a tiger might caress and pet a trembling white rabbit, which happened to be his plaything for the moment; and she—she loathed and shrank from this hated affection, and lived in abject, slavish submission to his authority.

It was a terrible business. Soon she had told me all, the little all there was to tell. It was but a slender, pitiful little romance, and its incidents were tiny ones, such as would seem very flat and insignificant to the free-born, strong-minded heroines of romance at home. But insignificant as they were, they were every thing to Nafoosa—all-important, all-engrossing. A furtive glance, a hasty pressure of the hand, a loving word whispered into her ear, the gift of a flower now and

then—this was the weak food upon which her guilty love so passionately lived; these were the great, stirring events of her life. Once a week Nafoosa went to the bath; now and then on a shopping expedition to the bazars, and always with her face closely veiled, and under the watchful protection of her mother-in-law. These, and these only, were the lovers' opportunities.

"Then Hassan never comes here?" I inquired.

"Here!" Nafoosa laughed at my ignorance, or, rather, incredulity in what I had often heard, of the rigor with which a Moslem guards his harem. "No man ever does," she said. "It would cost him his life." And with blanched lips close to my ear, for the other women were constantly passing to and fro, and privacy was totally unattainable in this crowded establishment, she related to me how, a month or two ago, some trifle had aroused her mother-in-law's suspicion, which had been at once imparted to her son, and how Ali had come to her, and had sworn a terrible oath that if ever he discovered her to be guilty of a fault, the vengeance he would take would be sure and terrible. "For myself I would not care much," she said, recklessly. "The pain would be short and quickly over. But for Hassan, my Hassan!" and she shuddered and clasped her hands with a despairing gesture.

"Your Hassan!" I repeated, reproachfully. And then I asked her what had been the beginning of this unfortunate love, and how it had come to pass that, strictly guarded as Moslem women are, she had yet managed to know and to love a man.

With eyes softly lit with happy memories Nafoosa told me of her childhood, when her mother and Hassan's had been close friends, and their children had played together. If the old people had but lived, all would have been well, she said, for, even in those days, she and Hassan had been called husband and wife, and plans had been made that, in due season, they should marry. But, after a while, both Nafoosa's parents died, and Ali's father, who was a distant relation, had become her guardian.

The law gave him a right to marry her, but he, being an old man, had transferred this right to his son, who, inflamed by the accounts he had heard of her wonderful beauty, had refused to relinquish his claims. "If Hassan had been rich, and had been able to offer a good price for me," Nafoosa concluded, a little scornfully, "Ali would probably have given me to him, for he loves money; but Hassan is poor, and could give little but his love."

That was all. Poor, poor child! I had not it in me to chide her—hardly even to think her sinful and guilty, now that I knew all.

And had she no confidante, no consoler? I inquired, with wondering pity—no safe friend with whom to share her dreadful secret?

Then, for the first time, Nafoosa burst into tears. Before, all had been excitement and smouldering passion and resentment and rebellion; but now I had unwittingly touched another and a softer chord, and had awakened the memory of a gentler and more heart-piercing grief. She had had a sister, a twin sister, who had known all. While she lived, life was endurable, for they loved one another passionately. But, three months ago, she and her baby had died, and Nafoosa was alone.

"And can none of these other women help you?" I asked, presently, when her piteous sobs had somewhat subsided, and her tears were flowing more gently.

The girl shook her head wearily and sadly. Yet some of them looked good-natured and kindly, and the sight of Nafoosa's tears seemed to distress and concern them.

"They would talk," she whispered, with a frightened glance. And, observing their vacant, silly faces, and the ceaseless, giddy chatter which they kept up, I could not feel surprised at her reserve and caution.

Just then Ali's mother appeared, and I rose to depart. The old dame liked neither me nor my visits, and I could very well see that she looked with distrust upon my friendship for her daughter-in-law. But I did not care a rush for her disfavor, feeling perfectly sure that, so long as Ali found it profitable to remain in our service, not one of his household would venture to show the English *Sitt* the smallest sign of discourtesy. And so, though upon that occasion the old lady's coming was the signal for my departure, I often returned again, generally seizing the opportunities when I knew that Ali's engagement with one or another of our party secured his absence from home.

One day, a little while after this, I chanced to meet Nafoosa in the bazar. My companions and myself were spending an idle hour in poking about and making purchases, and I, wearied of one of the inevitable and interminable bargaining wrangles which are an indispensable part of the business of buying and selling in these countries, had wandered a little apart into a quiet, dim place, where a few cross-legged, gray-bearded merchants held stately watch over their stalls.

At the further end two women were engaged in a loud altercation over a pair of slippers with a picturesque and venerable gentleman, whose superb appearance would have led one to suppose him quite superior to the weakness of wishing to drive a good bargain. At least, one of the women was fighting valiantly for the slippers; the other was standing by listlessly, apparently a mere spectator of the dispute. To my amazement, she all at once rushed to meet me, and seized my hand. It was Nafoosa, but Nafoosa enveloped from head to foot in her white *eezar*, and with such a thick, impenetrable *yashmak* that she was quite unrecognizable. Her mother-in-law, who was her companion, was as closely veiled as herself. The charm of sixteen and sixty required, it seemed, the same protection. While the old lady was wrangling over her slippers Nafoosa and I enjoyed quite a little chat. Only for a few minutes, however. Suddenly I felt the girl's hand, which I held in mine, tremble, and she plucked it away brusquely. "It is he—Hassan!" she whispered, in a choked voice, and with a quick, sudden movement she changed her position, so as to place my figure between her own and that of her mother-in-law, whose attention was still, luckily, absorbed by the obstinacy of the slipper merchant. I looked round. A fine, handsome young man, in chocolate-colored petticoat-trowsers and an embroidered jacket, was slowly, and with an air of studied unconcern, approaching us. When he was quite close to Nafoosa, after a cautious glance toward her mother-in-law, he paused. I saw their hands meet in a convulsive clasp. I saw more—that which, if the eyes of any of the cross-legged, solemn sons of the Prophet had seen from their stalls, would probably have then and there exposed Nafoosa to the direst consequences. I saw her, quick as lightning, raise her hand and draw aside her veil for an instant, showing him her white, beautiful face, and smiling upon him the saddest and sweetest smile that ever made a man's heart beat.

Lucky Hassan! It was all very wrong and dreadful; and I, a mere spectator, felt, somehow, horribly guilty myself; but all the same I could not for the life of me help liking the young man on the spot. He looked so much in earnest, and so grateful, and—rare sign of emotion in an Eastern—he actually colored violently; and he really was extremely handsome, and his refined, thoughtful face betrayed no symptom of conceit or vanity, but only deep, passionate, eager affection. It was all over in a minute—indeed, so quickly over that none but a close observer could have detected the lovers' little pantomime; and then the young man, having given me a courteous salutation, passed on his way, and had in another instant disappeared.

"Hassan knows you; I have told him about you," Nafoosa explained to me, after a minute or two of breathless silence. And I knew by the altered tone of her voice that a ray of sunshine which would gladden her life for some time to come had stolen into the girl's heart, and was making sweet melody there.

It chanced that soon after this little adventure I caught a cold which kept me prisoner at home, and thus a longer time than usual elapsed without my having seen Nafoosa. When I did next see her a change seemed to have taken place in her which frightened me. She was looking ill—wretchedly ill—and there was a recklessness in her manner and a despair in her eye which told me clearer than words could tell that the yoke was becoming too galling and difficult to bear. Her husband, too, had altered. Ali had grown silent and morose. Now he never jested nor smiled, and his glistening, snake-like eyes were generally moodily bent upon the ground. Now and then, however, I caught them fixed upon me with a dark look of suspicion, which, whenever I perceived it, used to make my heart jump into my mouth, and my thoughts fly with cruel anxiety to his wife. Once, as indifferently and innocently as I could, I ventured to ask him what the cause of his unwonted gravity was—whether he was ill, or in trouble, or unhappy. But I was repulsed with such a short answer that I understood at once that no further confidences were to be made me about his domestic concerns, and that the dark grief over which he was brooding was too sacred and terrible to be approached.

The end of my story is coming now, and the end is such a sad one that I must hurry over it as quickly as possible. It was about six weeks since the evening that I had paid my first and memorable visit to Ali's house. We were soon to leave Cairo, and we had, during the last days of our stay, made a little expedition to see the Pyramids of Sakkara. Ali accompanied us as usual, for though, by this time, I had grown both to dislike and fear him, for the sake of keeping up my intercourse with his wife to the last, I was careful to conceal my sentiments, and to retain him in our service. We were to have been two nights absent, but on the second day one of our party got ill, which obliged us to alter our plans and return at once to Cairo. It was late when we reached the hotel, and I well remember the pale smile with which Ali listened to me as, when I bade him good-night, I promised to go to see Nafoosa on the following day—resolved in my heart to make the girl a final entreaty to submit to her fate, hard as it was, and to implore of her, if from no other motive than the dread of her husband's vengeance, to be faithful to him to the last. Ali heard my promise with cold politeness. A little while ago he would have expressed himself delighted, and would have bidden me a glad welcome. But times had changed now, and I could see that jealousy had awakened distrust even of me, and that he now repented of the foolish indiscretion he had been guilty of in allowing a "dog of a Christian" to penetrate into the privacy of his harem. That night I could not sleep. The slow hours went wearily by, and I counted them all. At last, when it was broad daylight, I fell into a disturbed slumber, which was worse than wakefulness, for it was haunted by a wretched dream. What it was I could not at once recall, but I awoke screaming and frightened out of my life. To sleep again was, of course, impossible, and I was soon up and dressed. It was early still, but I longed for a breath of fresh air, and I resolved to go out and get it. It was not till I found myself out of the house, inhaling the delicious morning air, and looking with delight at the beautiful sky, still tinged with countless delicate dawn colors, that I all at once remembered that I had dreamed of Nafoosa. It was one of those rare moments in one's life when the perfect loveliness of heaven and earth brings home to one's heart a sudden, swift conviction that existence is a blessed thing. Yet in the midst of it, like a dark, chill shadow, the memory of my dream crept across the brightness and extinguished it. I hurried on my way. Instinctively and half unconsciously I had taken the now very familiar direction of Ali's house. It was a tolerably long walk, but I had soon accomplished it, and was in the dusky court-yard from which, on the first evening of my coming, the dogs had barked such an unceremonious welcome. Now they were quiet enough. Every thing was still, strangely still—for, early as it was, there were a few people about—dark Moslems, with grave, stern faces, and, here and there, a woman rocking herself to and fro beneath her white *eezar*, and uttering harsh wailing sounds. At once I knew that something had happened. What it was I could not summon courage to inquire. My appearance was well known in the place by this time, and I was allowed, without question or comment, to climb the dark, steep staircase. The door at the top of it was half open—an unusual circumstance in a Moslem house. I entered. In the first room there was a small group of turbaned heads and petticoated figures, speaking in subdued tones. One of them approached me as I went by. I believe that it was Ali's brother; but I hardly saw him or heard the words which he addressed to me. The next door was closed. It was that of the women's apartment, and, after a little pause, it was opened for me, and when I passed through quickly closed behind me. I made one step forward, calling Nafoosa. Then I paused, motionless. Nafoosa was there, close to me, on the low divan at my feet. But she never stirred when I called her. O God! she was dead—dead! her white face whiter than I had ever seen it before, her wistful smile smiling up at me more wistfully than it had ever done, and—but I turned away, and could look no more. I had seen a spot of dark crimson blood upon her dress.

Not then, but afterward, I heard the particulars. As he had threatened, Ali's vengeance had been swift and sure. Nafoosa's young life had been cut off quickly, too quickly, please God, for much pain. It appeared that of late his wife's rebelliousness and open unhappiness had increased the suspicion that he had, for a long time, secretly harbored. Hassan, counting upon his absence with us, had chosen the previous evening to make an attempt to carry off Nafoosa. But for Ali's unexpected return, he might possibly have succeeded; but, as it was, Ali was behind him, dogging his footsteps, when, at the appointed hour, eight o'clock, he was waiting for Nafoosa's coming. She came—poor girl, she came. But if her lover was waiting for her, so also was her husband, armed with a sharp weapon with which he had sworn to revenge himself. Nafoosa had fallen at his feet without a struggle; but Hassan and he had had a terrible one. Fortunately interference had come in time to prevent a second death, and both the combatants were secured. Ali's punishment was slight—almost, indeed, nominal. In the East a wife's infidelity is the justification of any crime; and I believe that he very soon consoled himself with another one. As to Hassan, I heard afterward that he had disappeared from Cairo, and that even his friends knew nothing of him. Some said that he had committed suicide; others, that to expiate his sin he had undertaken a pilgrimage to Mecca; others, that he had lost his reason, and had wandered away purposelessly to distant countries. I could never discover the truth. Time has passed—all the actors in the little tragedy have faded in the dim past; but Nafoosa's memory ever remains vivid and clear, and her sad, beautiful eyes haunt me still.

LONGEVITY.

A GERMAN observer has recently calculated the average longevity attained in different professions. His information, if trustworthy, would be very interesting, not merely to insurance offices, but to young men settling the difficult question of their employments for life. If a youth will be content with fifty-six years, he may become a doctor; if he requires a year more, he may be an artist; if he wants fifty-eight years of life, he may go to the bar; but in order to have a fair prospect of attaining to sixty-five, he must enter into holy orders. It would be interesting from this point of view to compare the average longevity of men who pursue different studies under similar physical conditions. We merely throw out the hint for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

There are, however, a few obvious facts which may suggest the possible fruitfulness of such investigations. Parents have for a good many centuries been disgusted when their sons have plunged into metre instead of taking to the counting-house; but they have never, we suspect, made full use of the argument from the deleterious influence of the pursuit upon human life. Poetry, we should be inclined to say, is as bad as razor-grinding. Looking through any list of English poets, the number of early deaths is startling. Burns, and Byron, and Shelley, and Keats, and Chatterton will occur at once. To the list of those who died before fifty we may add Spenser, Thomson, Collins, and Goldsmith. Shakspeare managed just to get beyond his fiftieth year, and Pope and Gray got half-way from fifty to sixty; but an aged poet is an exception of the proverbial kind. Milton lived to a respectable age; but then he long refrained from indulgence in this dangerous practice in favor of the superior (we speak from a sanitary point of view) pursuit of political life. He did not long survive the recurrence to his earlier pursuits. Cowper lived to near seventy; but it drove him mad. Dryden reached the same age without the same penalty; and Wordsworth, by dint of a regular country life, survived all his contemporaries, and attained the respectable age of eighty. By way of contrast, let us suggest the names of a few speculative philosophers among English writers of reputation. We find that Bacon and Hume lived to be sixty-five, Berkeley to be sixty-nine, Locke seventy-two, Reid eighty-six, and Hobbes ninety-one. Among the German metaphysicians, Kant died at eighty, and Schelling at seventy-nine, while Hegel was prematurely cut off at sixty-two. In France, Malebranche lived, in spite of a delicate constitution, to be eighty-seven, and then had to be killed by an encounter with his brother metaphysician, Berkeley. Descartes, it is true, died at about the age of Shakspeare; but Descartes was naturally delicate, whereas we can hardly doubt that Shakspeare had a fine constitution. If they had exchanged pursuits, no one can say that Shakspeare might not have rivaled Hobbes, and Descartes perished as early as Keats. Spinoza, again, died at forty-four; but De Quincey very properly argues from this and other circumstances that he must have been murdered. Let us hope, for the credit of philosophy, that such was the case. At any rate, though the shortest-lived of metaphysicians, he would have had a very fair tenure of life for a poet. We have not indulged in any profound researches; but we have had the curiosity to determine the average age of a short list of English poets. The result comes out precisely fifty-six, which, according to our German authority, is just that of the most unhealthy of all professions. The average, however, is materially increased by the admission of such unreasonably long-lived people as Rogers and Mrs. Barbauld, and other minor poets. A still shorter list of metaphysicians gives an average of sixty-eight years, or a length of life superior even to that of the clergy; but we admit that it would be desirable to base any decided theory on a wider collection of facts.

There is, of course, nothing surprising in these results. The true philosophical temperament is precisely that which is favorable to long life. A man who never irritates himself about any thing, who never subjects his machinery to an unnecessary shock, will go on living when a far stronger man, animated by more troublesome passions, will beat himself to pieces against the world. The same disposition which fits a man for long processes of patient meditation will generally enable him to take life easily; and it is curious to observe how such a speculator, for example, as Hume, while his philosophy tends to upset all established creeds, may be personally a conservative of the strongest kind, and desire the stability of the institutions whose vitality he is doing his best to destroy. Just so Gibbon attacked Christianity in theory, but was utterly disgusted when revolutionists began to reduce his theory to practice. Poetry of a certain class may be comparatively innocuous for similar reasons. Chaucer, Wordsworth, and Goethe were all long-lived poets, because they seldom indulged in violent emotion. Descriptive poetry generally may be regarded as fairly harmless; and even graceful song-writers, like Herrick in old days and Tom Moore in ours, may be a long time in wearing themselves out. But a young man who takes to writing revolutionary odes, or who shares the passionate impulses of a Byron or a Shelley, might almost as well take to drinking, so far as his prospects of longevity are concerned. It is the feverish irritability to which all poets are more or less liable that is really destructive; though, of course, they may occasionally keep their passion within bounds. Perhaps there is an apparent contradiction to this theory in the fact that clergymen are said to be long-lived. Mr. Galton asserts, in his work on hereditary genius, that the spiritual heroes of the world have generally been men of sickly constitution; and one might fancy that a tendency to indulge in strong religious emotion would be as pernicious as the analogous disposition to poetry. But, in the first place, it is probable that the mass of clergymen are as little inclined to undue excitement of any kind as their neighbors. Most of the sermons which we hear give very little indication of a fiery soul absorbed by uncontrollable passion, and overpowering its feeble tenement of clay. And, moreover, excitement does not appear to be injurious when it is worked off in action. Politicians and lawyers live long enough, though they go through a constant course of vehement excitement. A man of a certain strength of constitution probably finds the stimulus rather healthy than otherwise; and men like Brougham or Palmerston are all the better for the ceaseless strain upon their faculties. If they had been excluded from any practical displays of energy, and condemned to be always working themselves up into vehement emotion, with no better mode of discharge than writing verses, it is possible that they would have fretted themselves out of the world at an earlier period. We must add, however, that in all such speculations there is always an obvious alternative. It may be not that poetry exercises a deleterious influence, but that men of weak constitutions naturally take to expressing themselves in poetry. The disease may, in short, be the cause, instead of the effect. It would be impossible to pronounce confidently on so large a question, and we can merely commend the subject to statistical inquirers. If they apply themselves to the investigation, we might discover some useful hints, and even find out in time what particular schools of art or theology are most destructive: whether, for example, a Calvinist generally lives as long as an Arminian, or a classical as a romantic poet. The field is boundless, and we are content to leave the development of the subject to those who may have time and opportunity to work it out.